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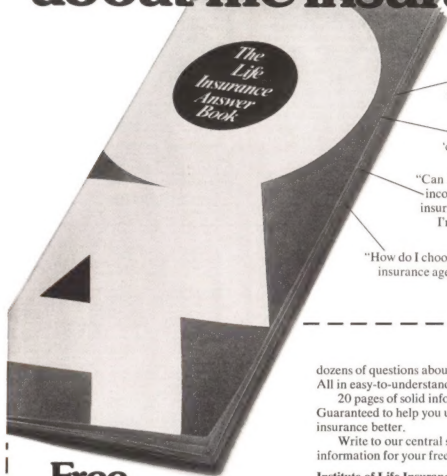


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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN the ten years since TIME first led a group of U.S. business executives through the industrial capitals of Europe and on to Moscow, our News Tours have become a thriving institution. Designed to foster greater international understanding and communication, TIME tours have taken U.S. businessmen abroad—and have brought their foreign counterparts to the U.S.—to talk and trade views with leading economic and political figures. This month we played guide once again as 27 of Japan's leading executives arrived in the U.S. for a cross-country look at one of Japan's biggest customers—and competitors.

Accompanied by representatives from TIME, the group jet-hopped from coast to coast, visiting members of the U.S. Government, industry and the academic community. Their crowded schedule included meetings in California with Harvard Professor and former U.S. Ambassador to Japan Edwin Reischauer and with Stanford Business School Dean Arjay Miller, a seminar in Phoenix on the problems of pollution, and a tour in Houston of NASA space facilities. In Detroit the visitors listened to a critique of U.S. foreign policy by former Under Secretary of State George Ball, then talked with Ford Motor Co. Chairman Henry Ford II and President Lee Iacocca. Moving on to Washington, D.C., they discussed trade and politics with Senator Hubert Humphrey (see cut), Congressman Wilbur Mills, representatives from the Administration and union officials. Eight days after its start, the official visit ended in Manhattan where, after meeting with TIME editors, the Japanese visitors rose to sing the hymn *God Be with You till We Meet Again*.

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Ralph P. Davidson

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“What’s being done by the electric companies to help with the fuel shortage?”

The problem of producing electric power in today’s world is complicated.

Demand for more electric power continues. Americans want it and need it because it’s absolutely essential to a continued high quality of life.

At the same time, the supply of some fuels used to generate power is dwindling.

And we in the electric companies recognize the urgency to build in ways that protect the quality of the world’s air and water resources more effectively.

Because of these circumstances, America’s electric companies—in partnership with the federal government and others—have undertaken a program of research and development on a scale never before envisioned in an effort to find better ways to produce electricity.

Here is a brief review of some of the research and development efforts now under way.

Cleaner coal

Because of abundant reserves, coal will remain an important fuel in power generation for decades to come. So we are trying to make coal as clean-burning as possible in power plants where it is used.



For example, we and others are experimenting with ways to convert coal into a liquid or gas. And we are modifying power plants to burn coal even more cleanly. We are installing filters and precipitators to remove ash and other solid particles. We are helping to design and test equipment for reducing the sulfur content of coal before it is burned, and for the removal of sulfur dioxide from emissions.

Nuclear power plants

Thirty-one nuclear power generating units are operating commercially in the U.S. and more than 130 are under construction or planned. So nuclear power generation is a fact. But research and development is now under way on two new kinds of nuclear power plants. First are "breeder" reactors which would create more usable nuclear fuel than they consume. "Breeder" reactors could extend the life of known uranium reserves from decades to hundreds of years. Second, and farther in the future, are fusion reactors that would create energy by combining, at tremendously high temperatures, the atoms available in ordinary water. Should fusion prove successful, a new and practically unlimited source of fuel for electric

power will have been developed.

Other research

Other projects are concerned with the use of the earth's underground heat as a possible future generating source; others with the use of the sun's energy; still others with fuel cells—very small generating units that could be located near places where there is a concentrated need for power.

The job will be done

The need for research and development on this scale and in this variety is urgent. More electric power plants must be built as soon as possible. They must use existing fuels wisely and protect the environment as effectively as possible.

A wise use of electric power by consumers is also important—greater care taken by everyone not to use electricity needlessly.

The electric companies and consumers like yourself, working together, can be of real help in conserving the world's supplies of energy.

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LETTERS

Tribute to Maestro Solti

Sir / Your article on Conductor Georg Solti [May 7] and the Chicago Symphony was just right. It was a romantic piece for a romantic orchestra.

(THE REV.) JOSEPH MATTER
Marinette, Wis.

Sir / We Mahlerites are especially pleased with Sir Georg's interpretations of Mahler.

AVIK GILBOA
President
Gustav Mahler Society
Los Angeles

Sir / It appears that Maestro Solti is stabbing himself with his baton is perpetuating a tradition. It began with Jean Baptiste Lully, who, as an early ensemble conductor, clobbered his toe with the large cane he used to gesture toward his 24 violins. He died of resultant blood poisoning.

In more recent times, stories abound concerning baton accidents. Maestro Alessandro stabbed himself. One conductor I know personally jabbed his left eye. Any musician can recall numerous occasions on which the "stick" has gone flying into the orchestra or audience—unintentionally, of course!

RASIL TYLER
Associate Professor of Music
University of Wisconsin
Milwaukee

Sir / TIME's hymn of praise to Sir Georg Solti is in effect a rhapsodic tribute to the Chicago Symphony and to its master builder, Fritz Reiner. When Reiner arrived in Chicago in the early 1950s, the orchestra that he had inherited was no nobly by Frederick ("Papa") Stock had fallen on hard times.

Maestro Reiner changed all that. Reiner's method centered on perfectionism, brought out with *élan* and excitement, yet with an economy of baton flicking, writhing, bouncing or gracing.

IRWIN GOODWIN
Alexandria, Va.

Sir / Surely an orchestra that is "on the rise" is the New Jersey Symphony under Henry Lewis.

JAMES PEGOLOTTI
Jersey City

Sir / Your music critic, in not even mentioning the St. Louis Symphony and Walter Susskind, is nuts.

RICHAED E. MUELLER
St. Louis

Sir / Your music critic William Bender rated the Boston Symphony Orchestra behind those of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. I disagree. I would rank the Boston Symphony as equal to and often superior to these orchestras.

ALAN SCOWELL
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir / I did miss seeing the Houston Symphony in your rating of U.S. orchestras.

MARJORIE LEVY
Atlanta

Sir / The Detroit Symphony can, and often does, play up a storm.

GILBERT E. ROSE
Grosse Ile, Mich.

Sir / Until one sees Stanislaw Skrowaczewski laugh out loud in the midst of a rapturously joyful piece of Haydn, or watches him reach out his arms to conduct a Bruck-

ner symphony with all the tenderness of a father embracing his first-born child, then one is missing many facets of our Minnesota maestro.

C.A. RANTA
Minneapolis

Sir / Anyone who would not include Washington, D.C.'s National Symphony Orchestra on an orchestral "on the rise" list is either shortsighted, a cultural snob or has a closed mind.

RICHAED A. ANDERSON
Silver Spring, Md.

Watergate (Contd.)

Sir / The only honorable thing left for Nixon to do is tell us why it was so important for him to be re-elected and then to resign.

VERA CLARK
Vacaville, Calif.

Sir / Watergate is serious. But not half as serious as the current "trial by newspapers and media." Let the court decide who is guilty if anyone is.

MARY K. KERICH
Wilton, Conn.

Sir / The events of the past year have given Americans a vivid example of how vital a free press is to a free society. One cannot exist without the other. The only source of information the people have, other than "official" Government information, is the news media. The press is the only check the people have on the actions of those who represent them in Government.

STEPHEN T. FROST
Minneapolis

Sir / The Democrats, by making such an issue over Watergate, have placed themselves in the embarrassing position of having to nominate "Caesar's wife" as their next presidential candidate.

(MRS.) CAMILLE BARTON
Valdosta, Ga.

Kleindienst Denial

Sir / In your May 14 story [on Watergate] you stated: "Angered, Hoover telephoned Kleindienst and threatened to reveal these embarrassing taps."

Without qualification of any kind, I categorically state that no such telephone conversation took place between me and Mr. Hoover. I further categorically state that I have no personal knowledge about such taps.

RICHAED G. KLEINDIENST
The Attorney General
Washington, D.C.

■ TIME stands by its story.

The Right Idea

Sir / When I read your article, "The Third Age" [May 7], I wanted to hop on the next plane for France and join the sports club of retired persons at Grenoble.

Why do we in the U.S. build so many housing complexes where we herd the old together? Since they live in a world of diminishing contemporaries, they naturally tend to think old, and to resign themselves to a life of passivity without a struggle. We are making old age the final segregation.

I think the Grenoble Office of Aged Persons has the right idea. I should know, for I am myself a senior citizen and work

as a VISTA volunteer among the elderly in two large segregated housing complexes in this city.

ERNESTINE F. ALLRED
Roanoke, Va.

Heading for a Convulsion

Sir / We want to thank you for using the excellent selection from our book *The Energy Crisis* as a prelude to your article [May 7]. We must regretfully conclude that the nation is headed for an energy-caused convulsion of our physical life-support system. Once this happens, the institutions that guarantee economic and social freedom will surely vanish in the turmoil.

One aspect of the energy crisis that gets more than its fair share of optimism is the rate at which power systems can be phased in. The phase-in times of geothermal power, the breeder reactor, solar power, etc., are longer than most energy observers think.

LAWRENCE ROCKS
RICHARD P. RYUN
Greenville, N.Y.

Sir / Another alternative solution to the impending gasoline shortage is statutory lowering of freeway speed limits. I would prefer a few more driving hours to missing a trip this summer because I cannot purchase sufficient gasoline.

MARC STUART KLEIN
Los Angeles

Sir / You cite me as "accusing the multinational oil firms of merely acting as tax-collection agents for the oil exporters." No need to accuse anyone: the board chairman of British Petroleum called the companies tax-collecting agents, and I think rightly. As for any "concerted diplomatic effort to break the OPEC cartel," that cannot happen soon. Our Government, by threatening to pre-empt oil supplies and sponsoring

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Which means Volvo can maneuver in and out of parking spaces and traffic like little cars.

To call maneuverability a big-car specialty would be absurd.

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cloudy



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LETTERS

preferential treatment for Saudi Arabian oil, has so scared and embittered our European and Asian friends that they would not listen even if we spoke the truth.

M. A. ADELMAN
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass

Best Practical Technology

Sir / The need for Congress to reconsider the federal law that sets the standards for auto-exhaust emissions [April 23] has been persuasively described by a committee of the National Academy of Science. We endorse that recommendation.

Because of the complexities of the issues, we believe Congress should impose upon the Environmental Protection Agency responsibility for requiring the application of the "best practical" technology as a sound approach to air-quality improvement, and meanwhile back away from involving itself in numbers setting.

The first step toward a more reasoned approach to emission control was taken when the EPA granted a one-year extension of the compliance deadline. However, the administrator was obliged by the act to impose stringent interim standards which may still require the use of wastefully expensive catalyst technology.

H. ROBERT SHERRAUGH
President
Sun Oil Co
St. Davids, Pa

Professional Courtesy

Sir / Your article, "In the Family" [May 7], gets me where it hurts most!

Ironically, medical professional courtesy is extended mainly to those who can best afford to pay the full fare: physicians and their families.

It has occurred to me that the doctor-related recipients of a doctor's good care should consider "reimbursing" him by donating a sum equivalent to the customary fee to the doctor's favorite charity.

I trust that my husband, the doctor will not be too surprised to find that the signature below is that of his wife!

(MRS.) SUZANNE LONDON
Burlington, Vt

Sir / If a doctor doctors another doctor does the doctor who doctors the doctor doctor the doctor the way the doctor he is doctoring doctors? Or does the doctor doctor the doctor the way the doctor who doctors doctors doctors?

ROBERT J. LEBER, MD
New Haven, Conn.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
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AMERICAN NOTES

On the Road

Many Americans who regard their roadside landscapes as a wilderness of neon-lit motels and fried-chicken stands may or may not be cheered to learn that two wandering Russians have found these same roadside landscapes to be a paradise of—well, neon-lit motels and fried-chicken stands. The two wanderers—Boris Sirelnikov, Washington correspondent of *Pravda*, and Vasily Peskov, a visiting journalist from *Komsomolskaya Pravda*—spent six weeks driving 10,000 miles from coast to coast and discovered all manner of things to be praised and emulated.

"We should learn from America how to build such highways," they wrote, impressed that even minor arteries on their road map were paved. They found the highway restaurants "faultlessly clean" and staffed by "smiling waitresses," and the motels inspired them to say, "We can and must learn a lot from the example of the American 'overnight industry.'" They found that Cokes "really did make things go better," so they drank 300 of them. As for catsup, they claimed that it turns "every meal tastier." They added: "What happened to catsup in the Soviet Union? The recipe is not an American military secret."

All these wonders might seem strange to the pair's 40 million readers back in Russia, where roadside restaurants are hundreds of miles apart and gas stations are scarce, but some of the Russian discoveries are strange to Americans too. Colonel Sanders, they reported, "was given his title for the merits" of his fried chicken.

Who's for Whom

In the political warfare raging in Washington under the name Watergate, there have been some startling shifts of viewpoint. Conservative Sage Barry Goldwater produced one of the first surprises when he turned against Richard Nixon and declared that the Watergate mess "smells." Goldwater was wryly saluted by Columnist William Safire, a former Nixon speechwriter, as "the liberals' favorite conservative." Not so. J. Edgar Hoover now looks upright and independent by comparison to L. Patrick Gray III. Even Vice President Agnew inspired the *Washington Post* to contemplate the prospect of a Nixon retirement and observe that his successor might not be so bad: "Many Democrats [might support] him out of resignation or relief."

The confusions of Watergate can even become mildly fratricidal. When Senator James Buckley of New York tried to dismiss the whole affair as "moral cynicism," he prompted a public protest from his younger brother Bill, who accused Nixon of "taking the Fifth Amendment" on the problem.

Watergate has not provided many serendipitous benefits, but if liberals and conservatives were to reconsider their old habits and regard each other in new ways, that might be one of them.

Ah, Computerized Wilderness

Summer campers, take heart—and get organized. Starting this week, the National Park Service begins apportioning 4,000 of its 7,000 campsites in six of its most popular parks (Yellowstone, Yosemite, Grand Teton, Everglades, Grand Canyon and Acadia) on

a new basis: by appointment only. American Express's reservations system has hooked up its computer with the six national parks, which attract campers at a rate of 2.5 million each season, and the computer will sort everyone out, providing a guaranteed spot for a fee of \$1.50 apiece. Clutching their printouts, campers will be able to drive past the SORRY—NO VACANCIES signs and the lines of disorganized tourists waiting vainly to get at the great, jam-packed outdoors. "Eventually," says Acadia National Park Superintendent Keith Miller, "a mobile society has to face the need for certain restrictions on its mobility."

Army Husbands

Taps for another sex-discrimination rule. Air Force Lieutenant Sharon Frontiero, 26, who was a nurse at Maxwell Air Base in Montgomery, Ala., demanded a housing allowance for herself and her husband, Joseph, a student at nearby Huntingdon College. Against regulations, said the Air Force—a husband cannot be a dependent unless his wife can prove that she pays more than half of his support (Frontiero was living mostly on veterans' benefits). Last week, though Mrs. Frontiero has by now returned to civilian life, the Supreme Court ruled 8 to 1 in her favor. Married servicemen, said the court, are entitled to get the same dependency benefits that men get—which will mean \$45 to \$58 more per month. There are almost 9,000 married women in the services (out of a total of 48,707), but it is not yet clear how many will be affected by the ruling. The Pentagon declares, however, that it welcomes the advent of Army husbands.



THE NATION

THE ADMINISTRATION

Richard Nixon: The Chances of Survival

All of Washington and a great many people elsewhere in the nation were openly debating the question of whether President Nixon should or would quit the White House. Just weeks ago, when Nixon was organizing his "new American revolution" after one of the greatest election victories in U.S. history, the question would have sounded preposterous. Even now, the prospect evoked such a sense of national trauma that most Americans of both parties devoutly wanted to avoid it. But so widespread was the doubt about Nixon's involvement in Watergate, so widespread the skepticism about the repeated White House denials, that a majority of Americans polled by TIME believed the President of the U.S. to be guilty of deceiving the public and trying to hide his own responsibility (see page 14).

Some of the talk about Nixon's being driven from office came from prominent Democrats. Said Senator Edmund Muskie: "I doubt if a majority of Congress would want to set impeachment in motion, but duty might lead Congress to do it." The majority of Democratic politicians, however, held their tongues and allowed the Republicans to fret and criticize in public. Conservative Columnist James Kilpatrick had already called Watergate "squalid, disgraceful and inexcusable." Crosby S. Noyes, a moderately conservative columnist for the Washington *Star-News*, surprised the capital last week by predicting that "when Nixon realizes the extent to which his authority has been shattered

by these events, he will resign."

When the Watergate hearings finally opened under the glare of TV lights in the palatial Senate Caucus Room, the question-and-answer ritual seemed half-remembered from past confrontations. Then, with unexpected suddenness, James McCord Jr., one of the convicted Watergate burglars, tried to tie the scandal to former Attorney General John Mitchell and to Richard Nixon: "I felt the President of the United States had set into motion this operation." It was, admittedly, only hearsay testimony, and Nixon, through his press secretary, once again vigorously denied his involvement. Even before the hearings started, however, the week had brought news that cast further doubt on the President's own role and on that of his aides. For months the President had cited Counsel John Dean's investigation as having reassured him that no one in the White House was involved in Watergate. Now, Dean denied that he had submitted a report to the President, and the White House admitted that Dean had never reported to the President directly, but only to Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman.

Widening Whirlpool. Next, it became clear through testimony from Lieut. General Vernon Walters, deputy director of the CIA, that White House advisers had tried to persuade the CIA to take the rap for Watergate or at least provide an excuse that would keep the FBI from thoroughly investigating one of its aspects. The circles of involvement

spread from agency to agency, official to official. The Securities and Exchange Commission was afflicted last week when G. Bradford Cook, 36, its chairman for just 2½ months, resigned because of the "web of circumstance" that involved him in the Vesco case (see BUSINESS). A federal grand jury in New York, which had indicted Robert Vesco, John Mitchell and Maurice Stans, said Cook deleted from an SEC complaint against Financier Vesco all references to the \$250,000 that Vesco donated to the campaign fund headed by Stans.

Even National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger, who had been completely removed from the Watergate whirlpool, seemed drawn into it. The White House confirmed that President Nixon had authorized, and Kissinger had accepted, the wiretapping of 13 Administration officials (several of them on Kissinger's staff) and four newsmen in an effort to determine who was leaking information about the SALT talks and the 1969 bombing of Cambodia.

Distinctions tend to get lost in a town of scandal and uproar. The White House wiretaps of Kissinger's staff, no matter how unpleasant, were different from Watergate. They represented an Administration effort to protect its own security against leaks that it rightly or wrongly considered dangerous to its foreign policies. Government wiretapping without a court warrant is perfectly legal in cases involving suspected foreign agents, and it was considered legal

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by the Attorney General in domestic-security cases until last summer, when the Supreme Court banned the practice. Kissinger, never popular with White House Administrators John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, went along with the wiretaps, especially because he was told that similar taps existed during the Johnson and Kennedy Administrations. He stopped seeing reports of the taps after May 1970.

But it is the morass of Watergate that keeps threatening Nixon. Under what circumstances would impeachment become a real possibility? If it were proved that the President had been aware of a White House cover-up of Watergate—and thus had lied to the nation—impeachment would probably be brought against him. (see *THE LAW*), even though Presidents have lied to the nation before. In that event, Nixon might resign rather than subject himself and the country to the long agony of an impeachment trial.

How could his culpability be proved? In the absence of documentary evidence, direct testimony of accusation by John Mitchell, John Ehrlichman or H.R. Haldeman would probably do it, given their stature and known closeness to the President. The indictment and conviction of these men, even if they did not implicate the President, might make his survival in office difficult. On the other hand, even highly damaging testimony from lesser witnesses, including John Dean, would almost certainly be insufficient to dislodge him.

The majority of professional politicians in both parties interviewed by *TIME* correspondents last week believed impeachment or resignation to be highly unlikely, though many of them reserved judgment until later in the hearings or until further indictments appear.

Some believe that boredom with Watergate may set in, or that the affair may result in a sympathy backlash for the President among people who may come to feel he is being hounded. But many observers see the damage of Watergate not only to Nixon but to the nation in another way. They fear that even without impeachment, the President's authority could be badly diminished

and that he would have a difficult time governing—or leading.

In part, that is the case now. Many decisions throughout the Administration are being delayed while the White House staff is being rebuilt. Symptomatically, Wall Street had its worst slump in months, and the dollar took a bad beating on international money markets. Congress was continuing to assert its new-found truculence. In the Senate last week, the once hawkish Appropriations Committee voted unanimously to forbid any U.S. spending for any combat activity in either Cambodia or Laos.

Business as Usual. These votes imposed a handicap on Kissinger's current Paris negotiations with the North Vietnamese. They implied, furthermore, that Congress might not give Nixon legislation he needs to negotiate lower tariffs with the Common Market or the most-favored-nation trading status that he has virtually promised to Soviet Russia. On the other hand, many of Nixon's policies not only have broad support in the U.S. but are backed by both Chinese and Soviet self-interest.

At any rate, Richard Nixon went on with every sign of serenity in being President, doing business as usual and assuming an above-it-all posture. Indeed he appeared as isolated as ever, twice going out with only a few aides for Potomac cruises on the presidential yacht, the *Sequoia*. For the moment, he seemed in no mood to explain himself more fully to the public, as some of his supporters had suggested.

Almost casually Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said the President was "aware" of talk about his resigning but was determined to concentrate on what he had "to accomplish in the second term." Instead of watching the Watergate testimony on television, he relied on a daily summary prepared at the direction of the new White House chief of staff General Alexander Haig. Most afternoons and evenings he secluded himself in the Executive Office Building, where he was said to be preparing for next month's meeting with Soviet Communist Leader Leonid Brezhnev.

Privately, Nixon expressed sorrow for the "personal tragedies" of the peo-

ple involved in Watergate—who, as one high Administration official put it, were "decent, highly principled men motivated by a misguided sense of loyalty"—but there was no sign that he considered the affair especially troublesome. At a black-tie dinner for Emperor Haile Selassie, a laughing, joking Nixon confided to his dinner companion, Mrs. Rogers Morton, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, that he believed history would regard Watergate as inconsequential in comparison with his accomplishments in foreign policy. Late in the week he flew to Norfolk to recite those accomplishments and defend his bombing policy before an Armed Forces Day audience.

Nixon may also rationalize Watergate in a broad context of American political skulduggery—of lobbyists' pressures and demagogues' tricks, of funds secretly raised and secretly disbursed. Specifically, he can hardly forget the election irregularities of 1960, when he was narrowly edged out of the presidency by John F. Kennedy. To some people, the issue was still in doubt days after the election. Kennedy held a lead of only 118,574 votes, and Republicans angrily charged massive vote stealing by Democratic officials in Mayor Richard Daley's Chicago and Lyndon Johnson's Texas—two places that could have changed the whole election. Nixon was urged by some associates to challenge the results, but he finally decided—in the interest of national unity, he said—not to do so.

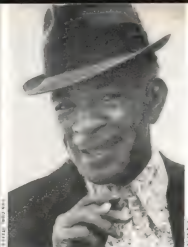
It may well be, on the other hand, that Nixon is fully aware of the importance of Watergate but is following some strategy all his own. According to the theory that he outlined in his 1962 book *Six Crises*: "The easiest period in a crisis situation is actually the battle itself. The most difficult is the period of indecision—whether to fight or run away. And the most dangerous period is the aftermath. It is then, with all his resources spent and his guard down, that an individual must watch out for dulled reactions and faulty judgment." Which phase the crisis is now in, which phase Nixon himself is in, perhaps not even Nixon knows.

PRESIDENT NIXON FLASHING VICTORY SIGN ABOARD AIRCRAFT CARRIER "INDEPENDENCE" & GREETING WELL-WISHERS IN NORFOLK LAST WEEK





PORTLAND'S CONNIE MCCREEDY



BEAVER FALLS' REV. H.B. FRENCH

OPINION

How Main Street Views Watergate

Watergate has deeply divided Americans, but the splits are not along simple partisan lines. Some Republicans, feeling betrayed, are more bitter than many Democrats. Nor are the divisions along lines of white v. black, or urban v. rural, or young v. old. Yet there are some discernible patterns. For well-educated and politically aware Americans, Watergate usually is a tearing, personally felt issue. Others are bored by the whole mess, especially those who cynically regard all politics as dirty. To sample the various American moods and reactions, TIME correspondents interviewed people in five diverse communities last week:

LEXINGTON, VA.: On his farm near Lexington (pop. 8,440), Carl Sensabaugh, 68, and his wife Katrina are more concerned with candling the eggs than with following the scandal. "Shoot, I watched that Senate committee on TV for an hour, and I couldn't figure out hide nor hair what they were up to," says he. "I reckon they're trying to figure out how many crooks we got up there in Washington." Adds Mrs. Sensabaugh: "I know it must be important because they keep telling us it is. But my goodness! You'd think they'd have something better to do." Should Nixon be impeached if he is shown to have had prior knowledge of the bugging and break-in? Replies Sensabaugh: "If impeached means kick him out, I say no."

Beef Farmer Randolph Huffman, 50, reflects the opinion of some Americans who voted for Nixon in 1968 and 1972 but never fully trusted him. "I don't really like Nixon, but both times I figured he was the lesser of two evils," says Huffman. "This type of Watergate thing goes on all the time. These boys were just unfortunate to get caught. But Watergate has caused us to lose whatever confidence we had left in our Government, in the System."

Major General Richard L. Irby

(ret.), 55, superintendent of Virginia Military Institute, says: "Watergate is not Topic A here—local problems are—but it worries everyone, and there's more concern every day. I don't think the President has done wrong. I believe what he said on TV, and I can't fault him any more than I'd fault a bank president whose cashier steals money. Of course, the responsibility for what his aides did falls on the President's shoulders, and he has taken it. But I'm talking about responsibility—not guilt."

Mrs. Julie Martin, 46, a V.M.I. administrative assistant who voted for Nixon, says: "People don't know what to believe. They feel lost. I have a strong feeling that I've been betrayed somehow, because this is my Government and I expected it to be noble and above all, honest. Sure, rising prices bother me, but in Watergate we're talking about something far more important than pocketbook issues: the integrity of the Government. This is something that I hold very dear. I'm a flag waver."

Yet Norman Andersen, a motel owner, reports that when his overnight guests pick up the morning paper they exclaim: "Oh, no, not Watergate again!" To Andersen, the affair has dragged on too long.

BEAVER FALLS, PA.: This steel-fabricating town of 14,375 people northwest of Pittsburgh had a primary election last Tuesday, and news of Watergate and Skylab was relegated to page 13 of the local paper. As Edward A. Sahli, 69, a General Motors dealer put it: "The people are interested in campers and football; they're not worried about this." Sahli himself is more concerned about familial propriety than political ethics. He argues that "F.D.R. had a couple of babes on the side. Morally, Watergate is no worse."

Typical comments from Beaver Falls people

"They are blowing it up and keeping

it alive" ("they" meaning some vague, unidentified enemies of the President)

"The stories are so confusing that I can't follow them, and anyway, nothing has been proved."

"I'm scared to read the papers. It makes me nervous. I just don't want to know about it."

The Rev. H.B. French, 49, of the Second Baptist Church, spoke for his black parishioners: "They've heard too much about it. People in this country are impatient. If you don't nail a man immediately, forget it."

More deeply concerned was Eugene F. Jannuzzi, 57, chairman of Moltrup Steel Products Co. Says he: "Watergate is like a scandal in a family of good repute. You cringe and wonder what more can come out. But it's not going to go away." Jannuzzi is also worried about Watergate's effects on business. It has already depressed the stock market and the dollar, he noted, adding: "Lack of confidence has a way of permeating everything we do. It makes me worry whether the present economic boom will continue." Impeachment? "This is so fearful a prospect that people don't say what's on their minds."

SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO: In this affluent suburb of Cleveland, City Librarian Margaret Campbell, 60, is worried. How will she ever get back \$157 worth of unreturned books when dishonesty reaches as high as the White House? "I'm just appalled by Watergate," she says. "What kind of world are we making for the young? How can we hope to inspire them if our officials are men they can't admire?" Once sympathetic to Nixon, Miss Campbell now salutes Barry Goldwater ("Though I never thought I'd be lined up with him") for his call upon Nixon to exercise more vigorous leadership. Miss Campbell has another cause for concern. She is planning a trip to Portugal and does not want to have a feeling of shame about her Government when she is with foreigners.

In another Shaker Heights library, there is a flurry of interest in Water-



The light at the end of the Watergate tunnel.

gate, with readers Xeroxing newspapers and newsmagazines. Books in demand include *The Presidential Character*, *The Strange Case of Richard Milhous Nixon* and *The Politics of Lying*.

Says Mrs. Patricia Plotkin, 41, past president of the local League of Women Voters: "Watergate is all you hear talked about. The number of disillusioned Republicans is incredible." Yet in an auto-service shop in the poorer section across town, the workers are fed

up with Watergate. "What the hell's the big deal?" booms Mechanic Carl Reed, 51. "Both parties have been doing it for years." Ken Masshart, 34, blasts: "I'm so sick of hearing about it that I couldn't care less. I just jump right over it in the paper and read something else." On the first day of the Senate hearings, Cleveland TV stations received 2,500 phone calls from irate viewers in Shaker Heights and other nearby communities; they wanted their soap operas back.

THE NATION

MILWAUKEE: The South Side of this large city (pop. 717,000) is the middle of Middle America, with a tavern on every corner. The families are mostly blue-collar, third- and fourth-generation descendants of Poles, Italians, Germans and Serbians; they gave George McGovern a slight majority. South Siders talk about many things: family problems, rising truancy in schools, soaring property taxes, baseball and—a poor fifth—Watergate.

"The attitude in my parish," says Father James Czachowski, 46, of St. Ignatius Church, "is that Watergate is so far removed, we can't do anything about it. Pope Pius XII said, 'The greatest sin is that we do not recognize sin.' Watergate is so big that we don't recognize it." Will Father Czachowski give a sermon some Sunday about the Watergate scandal? "No. We have to save ourselves, not these Watergate people."

"Look," says Ed Daniels, 56, an American Motors stockman, hunched over his beer in Lud and Jerry's: "This stuff is rotten, but impeachment would be worse. Let Nixon finish out his term, then throw him in jail."

"What bothers me is that the image

A TIME POLL

Did President Nixon Really Know?

A nationwide telephone poll of 1,037 voters conducted for TIME last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday by Crossley Surveys, Inc., reveals that the American public is evenly divided on whether President Nixon knew of and approved in advance the Watergate burglary and bugging. But almost three out of five people surveyed refuse to believe his denials that he knew of the cover-up that followed.

While only one in four would approve of impeaching Nixon if he was merely aware of the cover-up, nearly half believe that he should be removed from office if it is shown that he knew about the plot in advance. Of the people in the sample, 62% voted for Nixon in November. The questions:

Do you believe President Nixon knew in advance of the Watergate bugging and approved it?

Yes	41%
No	41%
No opinion	18%

Do you believe President Nixon knew of the cover-up that followed?

Yes	58%
No	25%
No opinion	17%

Democrats, who made up 36% of those polled, and Independents, who ac-

The poll was substantially concluded before the President's latest and strongest denial on Friday

counted for 38% of the sample, were more suspicious of the President than Republicans, who totaled 23%. Fully 52% of the Democrats and 42% of the Independents believed Nixon knew of the bugging in advance, while only 20% of the Republicans thought so. The opposition was even more willing to accuse Nixon of covering up: 68% of Democrats and 62% of Independents believed that he was aware of efforts to conceal White House involvement. 37% of Republicans felt he knew about such activities.

If President Nixon knew of the bugging in advance and approved it, do you think he should be removed from office through the process of impeachment?

Yes	44%
No	42%
No opinion	14%

If President Nixon knew only about the cover-up that followed, do you think he should be removed from office through the process of impeachment?

Yes	24%
No	63%
No opinion	13%

Democratic and Independent votes outnumbered Republican ones on the question of impeaching the President for prior knowledge of the bugging plot. Only 32% of the Republicans felt that removal from office would be justified

in this instance, but 51% of Democrats and 44% of Independents thought so. A majority of all groups agreed that impeachment was unjustified if Nixon merely knew of the cover-up: 77% of Republicans, 54% of Democrats and 62% of Independents voted no.

Do you think President Nixon is doing everything possible to get to the bottom of this scandal?

Yes	53%
No	38%
No opinion	9%

Which of the following statements best describes how you think the Watergate scandal compares to other political scandals?

Much more serious	34%
Somewhat more serious	26%
No difference	27%
Less serious	8%
No opinion	5%

Do you think the news media are treating President Nixon fairly on the Watergate issue?

Yes	60%
No	28%
No opinion	12%

Nixon has clearly lost support among people who cast their ballots for him last November. When asked whether they would have voted for him if they had known then what they know now about Watergate, 70% of the Nixon voters said yes. While this change might not by itself have cost Nixon his victory, given many imponderables, it would have made the election a squeaker.



Donald J. Hall, President, Hallmark Cards, Inc., at the Galleria Mall, Houston Oaks Hotel

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You won't get it
by just saying "Scotch."**

of the country is hurt," says Bud Bonnard, 46, a machinist. "We don't talk about Watergate much at the shop or at home. I used to read about it every day, but now the press is overdoing it, and I'm back to the sports pages."

Democrat Dan Cupertino, county board supervisor, expresses frustration. "What can one man do? I can't even do anything about the scandals here—and there are plenty. Before Watergate, politicians used to be the second rung from the bottom of the ladder, just above used-car salesmen. Now we're on the bottom."

Joe Bananas, a city employee, thinks he knows the root of the trouble: "It's Ellsberg and all those Commies. Nixon did the right thing. He's protecting the country from subversives." R. Thorne Ellis, salesman for Sheboygan Paints, offers another defense: "At least the Republicans didn't kill anybody—like Chappaquiddick." Says Pat Platto, owner of a linoleum company: "In this political system, a President has to be amoral."

PORTLAND, ORE.: Because this city (pop. 360,000) has had no taint of local political scandal in 15 years, Watergate is all the harder for Portlanders to comprehend. By and large, they trust their officeholders. Even the people who are ready to believe the worst about Watergate commonly add a cautionary note: "But I don't believe this means that all politicians are crooked." Probably the hardest hit emotionally are the Republicans. Never truly comfortable with Nixon, preferring the Nelson Rockefeller brand of Republicanism, they nonetheless supported the President. Now they feel that their trust has been violated.

One such is Mrs. Connie McCready, 51, a commissioner of public utilities. She says: "Nixon just wasn't my kind of guy. When I heard his Checkers speech I wanted to throw up. But I felt guilty, that perhaps my dislike of him was superficial. Then I thought he had really grown in the office, and I supported a lot of what he was doing. Now I'm stunned. Even among my staunch Nixon-loyalist friends you don't hear any support for the President: they feel even more betrayed than me. I no longer care whether Nixon knew of this or that particular action. If he didn't know, he should have. He's politically dead if he did it, and he's dead if he didn't."

Clyde Brummell, 46, a carpenter and a Republican precinct committeeman, says that he saw something like Watergate coming because of Nixon's self-imposed isolation from the party structure and his reliance on the Committee for the Re-Election of the President: "Why, the local CREP man told me during the last election, 'We don't need the lunch-pail vote.' Can you believe it? I can't convince myself that Nixon had any part in planning this thing, but I'm astounded at his pygmy-minded approach in disregarding the

party structure and bringing in these people."

Tom Cook, 52, a printer and a McGovern Democrat, is far from jubilant about Watergate. "It's a sad thing," he says. "Anybody in the White House should be above that. They were crying law-and-order when they went in, and now we see them pulling everything in the book. It's hard to believe that Nixon didn't know something about all this. If he was involved, he should resign. That would be better for the country than if he were impeached."

Frank Driver, 24, a Viet Nam veteran, is unusual among Portlanders, even McGovernites, in expressing glee

over the Watergate disclosures, and he uses war-born language to describe it. "My friends and family are really pleased," he says. "We can't wait for the body count to get higher." Despite this, Driver does not want to see Nixon impeached, or even implicated further. "I'd prefer to see Nixon kept in office, but with his powers reduced by a more effective Congress," he explains. "We'd have 3½ years of lame-duck drift, that's all."

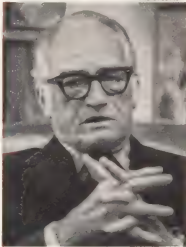
Portlanders do not profess to know what will happen, but a dominant feeling among them is one of faith in the American governmental system and its ability to withstand any shock.

Goldwater on Nixon's Prospects

Most Republicans are disturbed by the crisis into which their party has been dragged by the Watergate scandal. Conservatives, despite their general support of Richard Nixon, have been especially troubled. Among the most outspoken critics has been Barry Goldwater, the G.O.P.'s 1964 presidential candidate. Last week, in an interview with TIME's Hays Gorey, the Senator from Arizona talked with his usual bluntness about Watergate's impact.

Has Watergate eroded the President's support among Republican conservatives? Watergate is the con-

—WALTER BEWERTY



GOLDWATER IN WASHINGTON OFFICE

cern of every Republican I talk to. But both conservatives and liberals in the party are ready to stand behind the President. I think he'll continue to get support on votes in Congress, particularly on vetoes.

What should be done now? There ought to be a complete clarification—who, what, where, when—everything out. Right now.

Should the President make a statement on Watergate? What the hell can he say? It's all coming over the tube, anyway. If he didn't lie, he'll probably be O.K. The American people are not too concerned with the morals of their leaders.

Should President Nixon resign? If the President of the United States lied to the American people, then the question is: Can you trust him? Impeachment would come up. And this country is in too much trouble internationally to have such a gigantic demonstration of distrust in its leaders. I'm convinced he knew nothing at the inception [of the Watergate affair]. But the cover-up? If it can be proved that he lied, resignation would have to be considered. It would be quick. Everything would be over, ended. It wouldn't drag out like impeachment.

If Nixon resigns, should Vice President Agnew also resign? No. If there is one thing the Vice President can back up, it's that he doesn't know what the hell is going on at the White House.

What should the President do to exert leadership? Lead. We are in a very, very critical position as a nation. We have to reassure everyone at home and abroad that this country is not just standing still. He was going to reorganize the State Department. It's totally inept. Nothing has been done. I visited the Pentagon last week. I was appalled. There are at least five vacancies at the Secretary level. There's no one in a civilian suit to give orders.

What can be done to prevent another Watergate? Stop printing dollar bills. In other words, nothing—unless people suddenly become highly moral, honest and ethical.

Do you sense that your words have had impact? I see no indication of change.



SENATOR SAM ERVIN & CHIEF COUNSEL SAM DASH AT SENATE HEARINGS



SENATOR HOWARD BAKER

INVESTIGATIONS/COVER STORY

The Newest Daytime Drama

The brisk young Nixon men. The brusquely efficient cop. The precise and credible-sounding veteran of the CIA and FBI. All contented with their anonymity only a year ago, they now slipped one by one into a central seat facing seven U.S. Senators ranged along a green-felt-covered table. They braced as the red signal lights of the television cameras blinked on—and then they became instant principals in a fateful national drama in which the political survival of the President is at stake.

The Watergate story was now being dramatized under the klieg lights of the crowded Senate Caucus Room and thrust into the living rooms of America. Figuratively, the testimony represented at least half a dozen sticks of dynamite that could blow the scandal sky-high. The fuses were lit, and the first reached flash point as Convicted Wiretapper James W. McCord Jr. directly accused Richard Nixon of participating in attempts to conceal the involvement of his closest political associates in the sordid and still-spreading affair.

New Forum. Although he had been quizzed repeatedly by Justice Department investigators and a federal grand jury in Washington, McCord, who is fighting to stave off a long prison sentence, saved his charges against the President for a new and formidable forum: the hearings of the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities. McCord did not claim that he had had any direct communication with the President before or after the bugging and burglarizing of Democratic National Headquarters at the Watergate last June 17. Always, McCord's allegations of presidential concern involved word from an intermediary. Coolly composed, the former Government agent spun out a tale of Washington intrigue sprinkled with specific de-

tails of secret meetings on a scenic outlook over the Potomac, pay-booth telephone calls from a stranger, an implied threat against his life.

The testimony was unreeled without the careful restraints of a court of law. As members of the Senate committee headed by North Carolina Democrat Sam Ervin Jr. emphasized, the committee is not charged with determining the legal guilt of any individual. One of its purposes, declared Chairman Ervin, is to help dispel the Watergate-created "black cloud of distrust over our entire society." Most wholly in the shadow is the White House.

Even as McCord was trying to forge new links between Nixon and the conspiracy to conceal the scandal, new revelations made it increasingly difficult to believe that the President could have remained totally unaware of the cover-up attempts. They were so pervasive, involving the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Justice Department, that if he did not know about them, he was guilty of neglect bordering on incompetence—an accusation few have ever leveled at the superbly organized Chief Executive.

After conferring for eight months that he had ordered his counsel, John W. Dean III, to conduct a thorough White House investigation of any high-level involvement in Watergate or its cover-up and that Dean's report cleared everyone at the White House, Nixon authorized Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler to provide some revealing modifications of the stand. Nixon never talked to Dean about the matter, Ziegler said, but sent directions through John Ehrlichman, the President's chief domestic-affairs adviser, for an investigation. Dean's "report" came back verbally from Ehrlichman. The White House ex-



SENATOR EDWARD GURNEY



SENATOR LOWELL WEICKER

planation followed Dean's insistence that he had never made such a report to the President (TIME, May 21) and that the limited checking he did would not warrant the original conclusion announced by Nixon.

Further, TIME has learned that former Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray III hid in his office safe evidence that would have more speedily revealed the identities and the CIA connections of Wiretappers G. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt Jr. shortly after the Watergate burglary. A Justice Department official contends that the CIA gave Gray details of the disguises, aliases and false identification papers that it had

supplied Liddy and Hunt in 1971, when they worked for the White House in the clandestine investigation of Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg. After the Watergate break-in, FBI agents were tediously checking out the false names used by Hunt and Liddy—Edward Hamilton and George Leonard—although Gray already knew their real identity. The CIA documents were marked top secret, so Gray locked them up. They were found by FBI officials in Gray's safe after he resigned on April 27. Gray may be indicted by the Watergate grand jury for obstructing justice.

However damaging to the White House those developments may be, it was the testimony of James McCord before the Ervin committee that created the most controversy last week. Five of the seven men arrested in the Watergate break-in pleaded guilty and have never had to face public questioning. Liddy, the epitome of the silent secret agent, pleaded innocent but resisted all efforts to get him to talk fully about the operation. Convicted along with Liddy, McCord also said nothing at first.

After Judge John J. Sirica sentenced Liddy to up to 20 years and the others to even stiffer terms, but with the promise that he would review the penalties if they spoke up, Liddy remained mum and received an additional sentence for contempt of court. McCord took the suggestion to heart, and he wrote Sirica, charging that higher authorities had been involved in a cover-up. With that, the whole attempt at concealment began to collapse.

Almost from the time of his arrest, McCord testified last week, certain authorities within the White House waged a campaign of pressure, promises and threats to shut him up. This, testified McCord, was the chronology.

► **July 1972.** An unstamped note was slipped into the mailbox at McCord's house in Rockville, Md. It was signed "Jack," and came from John Caulfield, a former White House staff assistant who had worked under John Ehrlichman, mainly as a liaison with law enforcement agencies. The note suggested three times at which McCord could go to a pay phone "on Route 355 near the Blue Fountain Inn" and expect a call from Caulfield. McCord went to the booth, got a call from a man with a "New York accent" who said: "Jack will want to talk with you shortly. He will be in touch with you soon." McCord returned home and later got a call from the intermediary telling him to return to the phone booth. Caulfield called McCord there, said that he was going overseas but if McCord had "any problems," he should call Caulfield's home and "ask for Mr. Watson." Caulfield would return the call from overseas. But McCord never saw a need to call.

► **Jan. 8, 1973.** McCord received word from his attorney, Gerald Alch, that "a friend" McCord had known at the White House would call that night. Shortly after midnight, McCord was

called by "an unidentified individual" who directed him to the same phone booth. When he arrived at the booth, the stranger read him this message: "Plead guilty. One year is a long time [but] you will get Executive clemency. Your family will be taken care of and when you get out you will be rehabilitated and a job will be found for you. Don't take immunity when called before the grand jury." McCord's only response was that he—the expert who had bugged the Watergate phones—would not talk about the case over the telephone.

► **Jan. 12.** On telephoned instructions from the same stranger, McCord met Caulfield "at the second overlook" on the George Washington Memorial Parkway along the Potomac. They talked in Caulfield's car. This was after McCord's Watergate trial had got under way. Caulfield said he had an offer to grant Executive clemency to McCord if he would change his plea to guilty and remain silent. The offer, said Caulfield, was "from the very highest levels of the White House." He added that Nixon had been told of Caulfield's impending meeting with McCord and would be immediately informed of the outcome. Then Caulfield put in the zinger: "I may have a message to you at our next meeting from the President himself." McCord said that he would not consider either a guilty plea or any offer of clemency.

► **Jan. 14.** The two met again on the Potomac overlook, and Caulfield warned: "The President's ability to govern is at stake. Another Teapot Dome scandal is possible, and the Government may fall. Everybody else is on track but you. You are not following the game plan. You seem to be pursuing your own course of action. Do not talk if called before the grand jury; keep silent and do the same if called before a congressional committee." But McCord reiterated that he would not make any deal.

► **Jan. 25.** McCord and Caulfield met and drove toward Warrenton, Va., in Caulfield's car. Caulfield again offered Ex-

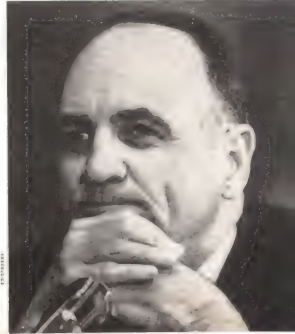
ecutive clemency, financial support for McCord's family while he served what would be a short prison term, and a job when he got out. McCord said that he would not keep quiet and planned to talk publicly about the case "when I was ready." Warned Caulfield: "You know that if the Administration gets its back to the wall, it will have to take steps to defend itself." Testified McCord: "I took that as a personal threat, and I told him that I had had a good life, that my will was made out, and that I had thought through the risks and would take them when I was ready."

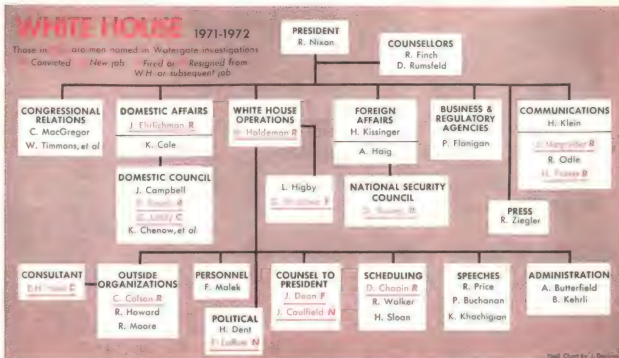
Dirty Business. Caulfield, a former New York City police detective who joined Nixon's 1968 presidential campaign staff as chief of security, is now a \$31,200-a-year Treasury Department official in charge of enforcing laws regulating firearms, alcohol and tobacco. He issued a press statement saying that McCord had tried "fully and fairly" to recall their conversations, but that he disagreed with the testimony in some unspecified respects. Still, he conceded, "it is true that I met with Mr. McCord on three occasions in January and conveyed to him certain messages from a high White House official."

There are, however, significant differences between McCord's testimony before the Ervin committee and what Caulfield has in the past told the Watergate grand jury. Caulfield testified that he conveyed an offer from Counsel John Dean to McCord under which McCord might be given clemency after a short prison term, as well as an amount of money, if he remained quiet. But this was only done, Caulfield insisted, because McCord had asked for such help from the White House and had threatened to tell all he knew if it were not given. If true, Caulfield's version does not make the White House offers any more proper, but it confuses the matter

WATERGATE WITNESS JAMES W. McCORD JR.

GO-BETWEEN JOHN CAULFIELD





of who first suggested dealing in this dirty business.

Reversing a declaration that the White House would have no comment on the various daily allegations made at the Senate hearings, Presidential Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler issued a flat denial of Nixon's involvement: "Mr. Nixon did not participate in any way or have any knowledge regarding the cover-up and at no time authorized anyone to represent him in offering Executive clemency."

Beyond his attempts to implicate the President in the cover-up, the assured and incisive McCord repeatedly asserted that former Attorney General John Mitchell had helped plan, approve and supervise a threefold campaign of political intrigue: electronic bugging, clandestine photography and political espionage. Again McCord's information came from others, mainly Hunt and Liddy, and thus was hearsay.

Quoting Liddy, McCord claimed that Mitchell had received the fruits of the burglarizing team's first foray into the Watergate, last May 27. The haul included photographs of Democratic documents as well as illegally intercepted telephone conversations. Liddy told him, McCord testified, that Mitchell "liked the 'takes' [photos]" of documents and wanted more of them made. The burglars returned to the Watergate on June 17 to repair one telephone tap that was not working properly and also because "Mr. Mitchell wanted a room bug installed in Mr. O'Brien's office in order to transmit not only telephone conversations but conversations out of the room itself." Lawrence O'Brien was then chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

There will be much more drama ahead in the Senate Caucus Room as other witnesses face Sam Ervin's panel. In the first two days of hearings, the committee performed impressively. The seven Senators and two staff counsel displayed a commendable capacity to be both considerate of the witnesses and tough on vague answers. Lawyers all and unrestricted by courtroom rules of evidence, the interrogators constitute a fearsome array of antagonists for any witness who might try to sustain any lies. Equally merciless are the TV cameras, which reveal the slightest hesitation in answering or telltale signs of discomfort and deceit.

Senate Styles. As the hearings continue, the distinctive styles of the Senators will become as familiar as those of celebrated TV performers. After stumbling over a difficult word ("incredulity") in a written statement, Sam Ervin at times seemed like a drawing bumbler, but he also proved to be a shrewd chairman capable of suddenly shifting into the most penetrating questions.

Especially the most relaxed and polished interrogator was the committee's vice chairman, Tennessee Republican Howard H. Baker Jr. He grinned readily at unexpected or light-hearted answers, but bore in effectively to clarify testimony. Florida Republican Edward J. Gurney, senatorially handsome, used a deep and resonant voice to pose well-reasoned and sequential follow-up questions. Hawaii Democrat Daniel K. Inouye, almost as melodious but terser, intoned crisp, relevant queries. Readiest with information of his own was Connecticut Republican Lowell P. Weicker Jr., who may turn out to be the roughest and most combative of the commit-

tee members. Georgia Democrat Herman E. Talmadge scowled frequently but talked the least, while New Mexico Democrat Joseph M. Montoya seemingly had not always heard previous answers. Minority Counsel Fred D. Thompson was grimly aggressive and quick thinking.

Chief Counsel Samuel Dash seemed well-organized and fully competent. An expert on wiretapping (he wrote a scholarly study called *The Eavesdroppers*), he has supervised the interrogation of more than 100 prospective witnesses to prepare for the TV testimony.

Much of the early testimony was devoted to demonstrating that the Committee for the Re-Election of the President was heavily staffed with former White House aides and continually supervised by the White House. The lead-off witness, Robert C. Odle Jr., the committee's former director of administration, testified that key decisions were made at the White House by Haldeman, who kept in touch with the committee's activities through an assistant, Gordon Strachan. Equally influential in directing the committee, Odle said, was Mitchell, who was receiving all major decision memos long before he left the Attorney General's office to head the committee. The Senators were establishing the point that any improper activities by the Nixon committee could have been authorized by the Attorney General or White House officials.

The questioning of Odle concentrated on the temporary removal of some files from the office of Jeb Stuart Magruder, deputy director of the Nixon committee, just hours after the Watergate arrests. Odle conceded that he and a Magruder assistant, Robert Reisner,

C.R.P.COMMITTEE FOR THE
RE-ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT
MARCH - JULY 1972

Those in RED are men named in Watergate investigations

C Convicted I Indicted F Fired R Resigned N New job

8 CO-CHAIRMENF. Borman
E. Nixon
M. Fisher
T. Pappas
R. Hauser
D. Schollander
E. Jonsson
R. Volk**SPECIAL ASSISTANT
TO CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR**

F. LaRue

Candidate

R. Nixon

CAMPAIGN CHAIRMAN

F. Dale

CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR

J. Mitchell R I

**BUDGET
COMMITTEE**M. Stans I
J. Mitchell R I
H. Sloan
L. Nunn
F. Malek
E. Boarder F**FINANCE COMMITTEE
TO
RE-ELECT THE PRESIDENT**

H. Kalmbach

FINANCE CHAIRMAN

M. Stans I

VICE CHAIRMAN

L. Washburne

TREASURER

H. Sloan

COUNSEL

G. Liddy F C

SECRETARY

S. Harmony

CONTROLLER

P. Barrick

POLITICAL DIVISION

R. Mardian R, et al.

CHIEF OF STAFF

J. Magruder R

ASSISTANT

R. Reiser N

ADMINISTRATION

R. Odle

J. McCord F C, et al.

CITIZENS DIVISIONCharles Shearer
Director

jointly talked by telephone to Magruder in California on that day. Although Odle's memory of details was vague, he said Magruder had asked that the files be removed over the weekend for safekeeping. Reiser gave Odle one file, which Odle claimed he never examined.

Senator Baker suggested that this file might have been labeled "Gemstone," and contained typed summaries of the wiretapped conversations of Democrats at the Watergate. (Gemstone was the code word for these summaries.) Odle said that he did not know if this was a Gemstone file, but admitted that it probably contained "things which have no place in a political campaign." If it was a Watergate wiretap record, of course, that would further confirm that Jeb Magruder had had advance knowledge of the illegal operation. He has admitted lying to the grand jury in denying that he knew in advance about the Watergate bugging and helped to plan it, but he has also claimed that Mitchell asked him to perjure himself in the cover-up.

Odle was needed by a typical Ervin question when he tried to explain that his office had a number of paper shredders, mainly to dispose of potentially revealing scraps of paper. Asked Ervin: "Was he [Liddy] the man ordinarily charged with the duty of disposing of wastepaper?" As the crowded Senate Caucus Room filled with more laughter, Odle conceded that it now appears that Liddy was in charge of intelligence operations for the Nixon committee and that Liddy had shredded documents related to intelligence activities a few hours after the Watergate burglary was discovered.

What the Ervin committee hopes to

develop is a chain of evidence in which witnesses—generally following the ascending order of official authority—will corroborate the charges of those who testified before them. Thus much of McCord's hearsay testimony may be verified by the next witness, Caulfield. Further verification may come from E. Howard Hunt, the mystery-writing novelist and former CIA agent who is scheduled to be an early witness. McCord said that Hunt also passed the word from on high that the convicted men would get payoffs and Executive clemency in return for clamping up. Liddy, who is McCord's chief source of information that the Watergate bugging was plotted by Administration high-ups, will probably remain silent, as he has since the start. That could cost Liddy still another contempt sentence, this one from the Ervin committee.

Fall Guy. If Nixon had knowledge of the cover-up, this probably could be verified by John Mitchell, whose career has been shattered by his work for the President. If faced with the possibility of a jail term, Mitchell could conceivably lose interest in protecting Nixon. Mitchell adopted one of his wife Martha's habits last week by getting on a telephone to U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas. He indicated that he was not referring to the President, but he declared: "Somebody is trying to make me the fall guy, but it is not going to work."

Martha, meanwhile, again held an impromptu press conference on the streets of Manhattan. "John Mitchell was the honest one in the whole lousy bunch," she said in a tense drawl. "And whom do you think he has been protecting? Mr. President he has been protecting—under no uncertain circum-

stances. They tried to make my husband the fall guy, but he's the good guy." Martha had undergone medical treatment the week before (TIME, May 21). She spent one night at a friend's house in the suburbs, then went to what other friends call "a resort-type place" for at least six days, and made a return to Manhattan on Mother's Day.

The men who know most about Nixon's possible involvement are Ehrlichman and Haldeman, the two aides whom the President praised lavishly even as he told them that they must resign. They undoubtedly will deny that Nixon knew anything about any cover-up, but how they will explain many of their own activities is a mystery.

New disclosures reflected adversely on both of them last week. Ehrlichman's White House office safe was found to contain the missing FBI wiretap records of an intercepted telephone conversation of Daniel Ellsberg that contributed to the dismissal of all charges against him in the Pentagon papers case. Federal Judge William Matthew Byrne Jr. had repeatedly demanded the record, to determine if the evidence against Ellsberg was "tainted," but the Administration—for still unknown reasons—refused to turn it over.

Ehrlichman's safe, according to the Washington Post, also contained copies of hospital records of Democratic Senator Thomas Eagleton's treatment for mental illness. The Post reported that the papers had been there before Eagleton's shock treatments were publicly reported, leading to his withdrawal as George McGovern's vice-presidential running mate. Did the White House do anything to plant the first stories? It seems unlikely, but it is typical of the cli-

Titled Chart by J. Dornstein

THE NATION

mate created by Watergate that the question was being raised last week.

According to the Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer*, Haldeman tried to get North Carolina Republicans to "dig up" any information that might discredit Senator Ervin before his committee investigating Watergate opened its hearings. Haldeman's approach, as confirmed by TIME, was made in phone calls to Harry Dent, a former Special Counsel to the President. Dent passed the Haldeman suggestion on to Frank Rouse, North Carolina's Republican chairman. Both Dent and Rouse considered Er-

vin's integrity unassailable. They gave Haldeman no help.

Ehrlichman and Haldeman were also cited last week by Deputy CIA Director Lieut. General Vernon Walters. He said that they invoked the President's name in urging the CIA last June to tell the FBI not to try tracing Nixon committee funds that had been channeled into Mexico in order to hide the identity of the donors. The money was later used to help finance the Watergate political espionage. In CIA memos given to two Senate committees, Walters claimed that the two White House

aides told him that Nixon wanted the FBI to understand that such an investigation might hamper CIA operations in Mexico. After some hesitation, Walters and then CIA Director Richard Helms decided that a Mexican probe would not compromise the CIA, and so advised the FBI.

Another White House effort to get CIA help in covering up the Watergate involvement was attributed by General Walters to Counsel Dean. The CIA official said that Dean asked him to authorize CIA funds to pay the arrested wiretappers to keep them quiet. Walters said he would resign and protest to Nixon before doing any such thing.

In addition to the Senate investigations, the federal grand jury in Washington probing Watergate is also focusing on Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Dean. Justice Department officials now believe that they have an airtight case against the three for obstructing justice in the various Watergate investigations. "It's a beautiful case—it gets better every day," a Justice Department official told TIME.

Many of the Watergate cover-up activities of Ehrlichman and Haldeman will most likely be relayed by Dean, who apparently handled many of their covert errands.

Tell the Truth. Last week Dean met secretly with Sam Dash, the Ervin committee's chief counsel. Afterward, the committee voted unanimously to guarantee Dean a limited immunity against prosecution for whatever he might tell in the televised hearings. The Justice Department can—and intends to—delay that request for 30 days, but Judge John Sirica will have to approve it at the end of that period.

Sirica last week ruled that his court will take custody of nine documents that Dean had removed from his White House office and placed in a bank vault before he was fired. Though the White House demanded the return of the papers—whose nature has not been disclosed—Sirica said that he would keep them. Both the Ervin committee and federal prosecutors will be given copies.

In a television interview, Dean refused last week to give CBS's Walter Cronkite any details of what he intends to tell in his testimony. But he said plainly that he believed officials above him at the White House—clearly referring to Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Nixon—decided to make him "the scapegoat." Ominously, he added: "I'm prepared to let my whole case ride on the truth. And my ability to tell the truth. And to document the truth. That's why I don't feel particularly uncomfortable being alone at this hour."

As the multiple investigations continue and the multitude of witnesses keeps growing, the possibility narrows that anyone can successfully hide behind deceit or lies. The truth increasingly seems to be the only safe course in this showdown over the credibility of the President.

Finding the Perfect Prober

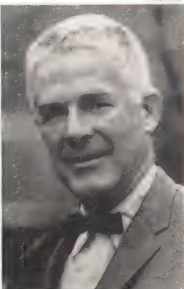
"I don't have the slightest doubt that I will be independent."

Nor do most people who know Archibald Cox, the wry, close-cropped Harvard law professor and former U.S. Solicitor General who was named last week as special U.S. prosecutor in the Watergate case. His sense of independence is crucial, for he confronts the task of not only conducting a thorough investigation but also convincing an increasingly skeptical public that he has done just that.

Cox, 61, who accepted the post after three of Elliot Richardson's first four choices declined, was offered the assignment just after ending a speech at Berkeley on the importance of faith in government. Said he later: "How could I refuse the job, having made a speech like that?" He seems an excellent nominee. He is a graduate of Harvard Law School, a distinguished member of the Eastern Establishment which sometimes makes Nixon uneasy. More important, he is widely respected as what Ted Kennedy termed "a man of brilliance, judgment and sensitivity." He is also a Democrat, which will help create that aura of independence.

A veteran of service with the World War II National Defense Mediation Board, Cox left Government to join the Harvard faculty in 1945. He is a specialist in labor legislation and was a member of John F. Kennedy's brain trust in the campaign against Richard Nixon. Kennedy appointed him Solicitor General in 1961; he resigned in 1965 to return to Harvard. Among his law-school pupils in the '40s: Elliot Richardson and Ervin Committee Counsel Samuel Dash.

The return to academia did not take Cox out of public life. In 1968 he headed a panel investigating the causes of the student riots at Columbia University. A year later, he was engaged in trying to mediate similar disturbances at Harvard. "He's always trying to find the middle ground so everyone gets some mud on his face," says one colleague.



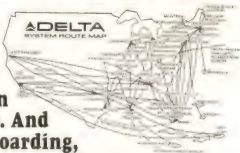
SPECIAL PROSECUTOR ARCHIBALD COX

A former varsity squash player who relaxes by retreating to his farm in Maine with his wife Phyllis, the imperious Cox is not one of Harvard's best-loved professors. But he is respected.

Cox has little experience as a prosecutor himself, but he plans to rely heavily on a hand-picked assistant during the Watergate investigation. He has left no doubt that he will keep complete charge of the case. He talked with Richardson before accepting the job and presented several suggestions for redefining it; many of these suggestions have been incorporated into the guidelines that Richardson drafted to assure the probe's independence. Cox, who has been encouraged to maintain offices outside the Justice Department, will appoint his own staff and plans to make public reports on the progress of the investigation. "A prosecutor does not normally take his findings before the public," says Cox, "but in this case the public is looking for the special prosecutor to do a rather difficult thing."



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If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter,
how come Gwen Verdon won't brush
with anything else?



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If you like people, be sure you brush with Colgate. Gwen Verdon wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



**Colgate
with MFP...the
breath-freshening
cavity fighter.**

THE FBI

Rush for the Exit

In the 48 years that he spent building the Federal Bureau of Investigation, J. Edgar Hoover skillfully made it a national monument, seemingly as solid as the Great Pyramid. In the year since Hoover's death, the FBI has been so riven by internal weaknesses and strife as a result of Watergate that it more closely resembles a disintegrating piece of the Dakota Badlands. Several of its top officials intend to retire in the next four weeks. The bureau's vaunted *esprit de corps* is in tatters, and the morale of its 8,700 agents has been shattered.

These men fear that their proudly independent agency has become, at least in the public eye, a mere tool of the White House. They privately assert that—especially after the disclosure that the FBI tapped the phones of some Government officials and newsmen for the White House—many Americans will view the FBI as a potential threat to themselves.

For all his faults, Hoover kept the FBI safe from the quadrennial quakes of partisan politics. He played politics impartially with Republicans and Democrats to maintain the independence of his empire. His agents knew this and realized how much they benefited from it. Those who could not stomach some of Hoover's autocratic actions got out of the FBI—but they did not talk. Only in his final years was there a split in the ranks between pro-Hoover and anti-Hoover factions, and this was scarcely visible from the outside.

Fed Up. Last week W. Mark Felt, the FBI's acting associate director, announced his intention to retire June 22. Felt has been No. 2 man in the FBI since May 1972. With the temporary, pinch-hitting director William D. Ruckelshaus devoting almost all his time to problems raised by Watergate, Felt has been running the show. Only 59, Felt could have stayed on for eleven more years.

Felt's decision follows closely on retirement announcements by two of the

twelve assistant FBI directors: Leonard M. Walters, 54, chief of the inspection division, and William B. Soyars, 50, head of the computer-systems division. Together with the retirement of Assistant Director Dwight Dalby a few months ago, this rush for the exit will leave vacant four of the 13 top posts in the bureau. By a quirk of the FBI retirement law, the three leaving next month will collect an extra cost-of-living retirement bonus, but that is not the main reason for their quitting.

"Those guys are plainly fed up," said a colleague in the command echelon, adding: "I'm fed up, too, but I'm going to stick around for a while. We feel that the President almost wrecked the bureau with the appointment of L. Patrick Gray as director. Then after Gray was forced out, we were insulted by the President's refusal to look for a new director within the bureau."

On April 30, all of the FBI's top brass in Washington and all but one of its 59 field-office chiefs sent a telegram drafted by Walters asking Nixon to pick one of the FBI veterans—"among whom there is an inherent nonpartisanship"—as the new chief. Instead, he made the interim choice of Ruckelshaus, who had been the able head of the Environmental Protection Agency, without even bothering to inform Felt, who learned of the appointment from a reporter. The telegram elicited no response.

Bum Rap. "Ruckelshaus may be a fine, independent fellow," said a high FBI man, "but he's only holding the job until the President picks a permanent director. After our bitter experience with Gray, any appointee from outside the bureau will have trouble winning the acceptance of the agents."

The FBI's Washington headquarters is demoralized. Said a senior field agent: "There's very little leadership. Decision making? Forget it. There's a vacuum. The decisions are being made now in the field offices. If you phone Washington with a problem, more often than not headquarters will say: 'Don't bother us with your problems—we've got our own.'"

The agents feel that the entire FBI took a "bum rap" because of blunders by Gray and the Department of Justice in the Watergate investigation. Almost to a man, agents argue that Nixon is trying to gain control of the agency for his own purposes and to "politicize" it. Echoing a common sentiment, one high-ranking agent says: "Nobody wants to work for a political hack." And, he adds, the retirements will grow to a mass exodus if the President picks another political appointee to head the bureau.

THE CIA

Operating at Home

By law, the Central Intelligence Agency is prohibited from doing any spying or other internal security work. But the Watergate scandal has raised doubts about whether the agency is following the rules.

From the beginning, the CIA has had links to the case. Two of the convicted conspirators, James McCord and E. Howard Hunt, are former employees of the agency. The CIA admitted supplying Hunt with equipment—including false identification papers, a camera and a disguise kit—used in burglarizing the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Last week the CIA deputy director, Lieut. General Vernon Walters, said that White House aides had persistently, though unsuccessfully, tried to enlist the agency's help in covering up the Watergate break-in.

On other occasions, the CIA has been exposed as operating within the U.S. In the late 1950s, according to David Wise's book, *The Politics of Lying*, the CIA trained Tibetans in Colorado's Rocky Mountains to fight against Chinese Communist rule. At the same time agency men were preparing Cubans for the Bay of Pigs invasion.

For 15 years, until exposed in 1967, the CIA subsidized the National Student Association so that it could send delegations to international gatherings that were well attended by official Communist groups. During some of those years, the agency also had been secretly giving funds to other private organizations—among them, the Asia Foundation, Radio Free Europe and Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. The intent was to finance work abroad that would enhance democracy's image, such as cultural projects, helping to organize agricultural cooperatives, and anti-Communist propaganda.

In February the agency admitted that it had trained policemen from nine U.S. cities and counties, including New York, in clandestine photography, identification of explosive devices and analysis of intelligence data. The purpose was to improve police ability to fight crime.

Then there was the curious case in 1960 of the gangster's girl friend. Un-

WILLIAM D. RUCKELSHAUS, ACTING DIRECTOR OF THE FBI



THE NATION

der a deal that was never fully explained, the CIA got information about Fidel Castro's regime in Cuba from Sam ("Momo") Giancana, then boss of the Chicago Mafia. Momo's girl friend was Phyllis McGuire of the singing sisters, and he wanted to chase off a rival, a well-known comedian. Sam's strategy was to convince Phyllis that the rival was a philanderer. The co-

median returned to his Las Vegas hotel suite one night to discover two private detectives digging through his belongings. At his call, sheriff's deputies arrested the pair, and they languished in jail for days before disclosing that they were working for a Miami detective agency. Three years later, some embarrassed CIA officials admitted that they had staged the raid as a favor

to their gangland spook Giancana.

Supporters argue persuasively that the agency sometimes has to act on home ground to counter Communists and other subversives, who have much latitude for operating within the U.S.'s free society. Still, one of the consequences of Watergate will be rising demands by Congress that it get greater powers to police the CIA.

The Ways and Means of Bugging

In Chicago, ex-Cop Eddie Bray, who heads a private detective agency called American Security Agents, Inc., reports that there has been a 100% increase in one lucrative phase of his operations—"debugging," the detection of hidden devices used to eavesdrop. In New York, John Meyner, president of Sonic Devices, Inc., which also peddles "bug"-finding skills, says he cannot drive through downtown Manhattan without picking up a flood of illegal eavesdropping signals on his sensitive detectors. Just four blocks from the White House, an electronics store named the Spy Shop is doing a thriving business selling both eavesdropping and debugging equipment.

Has the ear of Big Brother become omnipresent in the U.S.? The disclosures of extensive eavesdropping in the Watergate and Pentagon papers cases suggest that it has.

The Nixon Administration, helped into power by its pledge to restore law-and-order, has never made any secret about its intention to use the bug as an anti-Comm weapon. Former Attorney General John Mitchell justified this policy by saying: "Any citizen of this United States who is not involved in some illegal activity has nothing to fear whatsoever." That would have been scant reassurance for the Congressmen, journalists, FCC employees, campus radicals, black nationalists—and even White House aides—who have been subject to Government wiretaps. That would have engaged in no illegal activity.

The legal authority for Government eavesdropping is murky. As long ago as 1928, in the first

wiretapping case to reach the Supreme Court, Justice Louis Brandeis declared that the right to be let alone is "the right most valued by civilized men." His was a minority view, however, and despite the Fourth Amendment's protection against unreasonable search and seizure, the majority held that tapping telephone wires leading into a house was not in itself a breach of the premises or a violation of the owner's privacy.

It was not until the '60s that it abandoned the technical, legalistic view of privacy and held that the Fourth Amendment does indeed protect the citizen from wiretapping. In response, Congress enacted the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, the first federal statute legalizing electronic eavesdropping in investigations of such crimes as treason, robbery, murder as well as bribery and narcotics trafficking—provided that the Government first obtains a court warrant. Since then, local versions of the federal law have been passed in 21 states.

Still, the Federal Government has continued to do some of its bugging without a judge's permission, claiming authority for the taps under the President's oath to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution" against foreign and domestic enemies. This was the

interpretation of the law that allowed the phones of Henry

Kissinger's aides to be tapped. Last June, however, in an 8-to-0 decision, the Supreme Court held that such taps could not be used against purely domestic political "suspects" without a warrant.

Under provisions of the 1968

act, ordinary citizens, including private detectives, cannot use bugging devices. The penalty: a fine of \$10,000 and or five years in prison. Nonetheless, the accessibility of new and hard-to-detect eavesdropping gadgetry has encouraged an increasing number of citizens to violate the law. As a result of the miniaturization of modern solid-state electronic equipment, tiny pea-pod-size microphones, transmitters no bigger than a package of cigarettes and other sophisticated gear are available over the counter in ordinary radio stores at prices ranging from a few dollars to thousands. They can readily be adapted for spying and implanted in walls, flowerpots and draperies.

What is surprising about Watergate is that, despite fine equipment, the Republican operatives used such sloppy techniques; they broke into the office of the Democratic National Committee and planted two electronic bugs, consisting of tiny microphones and transmitters that could broadcast a distance of several hundred yards. They hid one in the ceiling, but it failed. The other, intended for Democratic Chairman Lawrence O'Brien's phone, was inadvertently planted in an aide's phone. It was when they returned three weeks later to repair the foul-up and also to take some photographs that they were caught.

According to Columbia University Professor Alan Westin, author of *Privacy and Freedom*, they could have done a better job without risking entry. One possibility: directional parabolic microphones (like those used by television at sports events) that could have picked up whispers in the Democratic committee rooms from the Howard Johnson's listening post across the street. If the sliding glass door to the terrace was closed, the operatives could conceivably have bounced a laser beam off the glass. Since the pane vibrates from the talk in the room, the reflected laser light would have been "imprinted" with this conversation.



DEMOCRATIC OFFICIAL INSPECTS BUG PLANTED IN HIS WATERGATE PHONE (LEFT); TRANSMITTER IN FAKE FLOWERPOT (ABOVE); RECEIVER USED BY WATERGATE BUGGERS (ABOVE RIGHT)



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ELECTIONS

Fear and Loathing in L.A.

If Los Angeles voters believe the campaign oratory that has been swirling around their heads, their next mayor will be, no matter who wins next week's election, an incompetent, a liar, an associate of criminals and a betrayer of the public trust. After a series of "debates" between incumbent Mayor Sam Yorty, 63, and black City Councilman and Ex-Cop Thomas Bradley, 55, the Los Angeles Times complained in disgust: "Slashing personal attacks apparently win votes. Well, that is what passes for politics in Los Angeles."

Mayor Sam's biggest clamor was a charge that Bradley had accepted a large campaign contribution and loans from two men who have "underworld connections." Bradley said he had returned the money, and he counter-attacked by charging that Yorty himself had visited an imprisoned income tax evader and former race-track operator.

Yorty quoted one of Bradley's chief supporters as saying that "every white person is a racist" (the Bradley supporter denies the quote). Bradley accused Yorty of "the vicious, scurrilous big-lie technique."

The candidates in this nonparty election are no less violently opposed on impersonal issues. Bradley wants to limit Los Angeles to a population of 4,000,000 (it now has almost 3,000,000). Yorty opposes sharp restrictions on growth. Bradley favors a moratorium on highway building. Yorty argues for continued building of highways, which he says "really move a lot of automobiles - very efficiently." Bradley thinks oil drilling off Los Angeles beaches was started partly by "deceit and deception" and should now be banned; Yorty insists that "we ought to do everything we can to develop our oil."

Bradley ran well ahead in the four-man primary last month (36% to Yorty's 29%). But despite an expertly run and expensive campaign (more than \$1,000,000 to Yorty's \$570,000), he is slipping badly. Three weeks ago Bradley held a 43.4% to 28.5% lead over Yorty, with an unusually high 20.1% still undecided and another 8% refusing to announce a choice. As of last week Bradley's edge had shrunk to a meager 42% to 39%, with 19% still undecided.

Up the California coast in the mostly blue-collar city of Oakland, incumbent Mayor John H. Reading, 55, won re-election by nearly 2 to 1 over Black Panther Party Co-Founder Bobby Seale, 36. Although Seale ran as a Democrat and had dropped the rhetoric of the Panthers to campaign on bread-and-butter issues, his reputation as a revolutionary lingered. Reading, mayor since 1966, asserts that he won because "my programs were best for the city." Seale, however, promised to campaign again for a "people's victory."

CRIME

Bluebeard on the Beach

"We're going to the beach to play guitar," said Susan Place, 17, as she left her home in Oakland Park, Fla., last Sept. 27 with a clean-cut young man she called "Jerry Shephard." Her mother, Mrs. Lucille Place, was suspicious of the stranger so she noted down his license number just before he drove away in his blue-green Datsun. That same evening Susan's 16-year-old friend, Georgia Jessup, also left home. "I'm sorry, Mother and Dad," Georgia said in a note to her parents. "I love you both very much. I have to find my head."

When neither girl returned, their parents went to the police, but the police treated both disappearances as routine runaway cases. Although Mrs. Place told them the license number she had copied, there was a mix-up about where the car was registered. Months of inquiries passed before Mrs. Place finally managed to trace the Datsun to a small apartment house in Stuart, about 80 miles north of her home.

Incredible Acts. The owner was a husky, twice-married man of 27 named Gerard John Schaefer Jr., a former Martin County deputy sheriff. He was serving a one-year term in the county jail for picking up two hitchhiking girls, binding them and threatening them with hanging. Schaefer said he had never seen the Place girl; Mrs. Place swore he was the "Jerry Shephard" who had driven off with her.

Four days later two beachcombers scavenging around some Indian burial grounds on nearby Hutchinsons Island, discovered several bone fragments. The police retrieved enough such relics, all in small pieces, to determine that they had found the remains of Susan Place and Georgia Jessup.

At that, the police went to Schaefer's mother's home in Fort Lauderdale looking for clues. What they found was a trunk filled with an incredible assortment of items that had once belonged to at least six other women and girls who have mysteriously disappeared or died over the past four years. Police say the trunk contained jewelry, some teeth, women's clothing, a passport and other unspecified "souvenirs."

No less incredible was the collection of about 50 pages of rambling, diary-like notes describing a long series of real or imagined acts of murder, necrophilia, dismemberment and burial. One section told how the writer handcuffed and blindfolded an unidentified woman and then "executed" her by hanging. "I tied the rope to the bumper of the car so that if I pulled away it would pull out the ladder and she would be hanged immediately. I went back to the car and finished a bottle of wine. About 9 p.m., I started the car and put it in reverse. After 15 minutes, I went slowly forward into the grove of trees where the execution site was arranged. I had a light,

but I almost didn't want to see what I was responsible for."

Schaefer's lawyer, Public Defender Elton Schwarz, says that his client "has a serious mental disorder," but he adds: "I don't think he committed these crimes." Schaefer's psychological history is indeed long, going back to 1968, when he was a student at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton and was found to have "impairment in reality testing." He got a degree in geography in 1968, but because he loved firearms, he wanted to go into police work.

He applied to the Broward County sheriff's department, but was turned down after failing a psychological test. He was fired from the Wilton Manor police department after six months because of what Police Chief Bernard Scott called a "lack of common sense."

A. GUY FERRILL



SUSPECT GERARD SCHAEFER LEAVING COURT
Some incredible "souvenirs."

He got the job in Martin County only 22 days before he was arrested on the assault charge. After becoming a suspect in the Place-Jessup murders, he told Schwarz, "I'm sick, and I hope to God you can get me help."

Police are still investigating many aspects of the case, and they have received 100 calls about missing girls in other areas. (The writings found in Schaefer's trunk also speak of the "executions" by hanging of girls named Carmen, Nina and Marguerita in an unspecified Latin American country.) Prosecutors talk of making connections to more than 20 murders, but last week they filed their first formal charges: first degree murder in the deaths of Susan Place and Georgia Jessup. Schaefer, who will not complete his present jail term until mid-June, petitioned successfully for a series of tests at the state mental hospital at Chattahoochee. If he is finally judged insane, that is probably where he will remain.



KISSINGER GREETING THO NEAR PARIS



CAMBODIAN VILLAGE AFTER BATTLE BETWEEN INSURGENT & GOVERNMENT TROOPS

THE WORLD

INDOCHINA

No Carrot, No Stick

SMILING broadly as he deplaned at Paris' Orly Airport, Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger effusively praised North Vietnamese Politburo Member Le Duc Tho as "my old friend in the search for peace." Later, when the two met at the U.S.-owned villa outside Paris, there were more smiles and handshakes. With this ceremonial display of affection, the talks on the future of Viet Nam were reconvened last week. At stake, once again, was peace in Indochina. Kissinger and Tho, it was hoped, would figure out ways to stop the continued fighting that threatens to undo the cease-fire agreement they negotiated last winter. But when Kissinger emerged from the first of several expected meetings with Tho, his only comment on the progress of the talks was a noncommittal "okay." Everything, clearly, was not okay.

In the five-hour closed session, both sides repeated old and familiar arguments: the U.S. insisted that the North Vietnamese were violating the peace accords by infiltration into the South; North Viet Nam pointed out that U.S. planes were continuing to bomb in Cambodia and claimed that bombing was taking place in South Viet Nam as well. Bombs were indeed falling in Cambodia, particularly around the Mekong River, which is a vital lifeline to Phnom-Penh. The Viet Cong, meanwhile, charged that some of their positions in South Viet Nam had been bombed by U.S. aircraft and demanded that the International Commission of Control and Supervision investigate.

American charges that the Communists are violating the peace accord are based on increasing evidence of massive infiltration of men and supplies into

South Viet Nam. Some U.S. intelligence experts believe that the North Vietnamese are trying to annex northern provinces in South Viet Nam where Communist troops were allowed to remain "in place" as part of the cease-fire agreement. According to some reports, about 6,000 civilian administrators have been moved down from the North to set up a government in the region.

Firm Order. Even before the start of his talks with Le Duc Tho, Kissinger's bargaining position had been threatened by a strong show of congressional opposition to any further bombing of Laos and Cambodia. First the House of Representatives, which had never before approved a measure aimed at ending or reducing U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia, voted 219-188 to block a requested transfer in the Supplemental Appropriations Bill of already allotted funds from other Defense Department programs to pay for the bombing. Last week the normally conservative and hawkish Senate Appropriations Committee unanimously approved an amendment to the same bill that goes even further by prohibiting the use of any appropriations whatsoever for the bombing.

It seems certain that the committee amendment will eventually be passed by the entire Senate. Almost as surely, both houses will eventually agree on a compromise version that will present President Nixon with a firm order from Congress to stop the fighting once and for all. Significantly, even hitherto loyal supporters of the President's war policy joined in the Senate committee vote. Rumbled New Hampshire Republican Norris Cotton: "As far as I am concerned, I want to get the hell out."

Despite the wishes of Congress, the Administration has said that it has no intention of stopping the barrage of bombs. This view seems shaky, since it has been argued in Congress, and elsewhere, that there is no legal justification for the continued bombing in Cambodia in the first place. The Administration initially insisted that even if Congress refused to vote more funds for bombing, the Government would get money from past appropriated funds. But under mounting congressional pressure, Defense Secretary Elliot Richardson, who is also Acting Attorney General, conceded that if both houses voted to withhold funds, then the Administration would respect the curf.

Thanks largely to some skillful parliamentary maneuvering by Republican Senators, any vote by the Senate on an anti-bombing measure has been postponed until after Memorial Day. Thus Kissinger was spared the embarrassment of trying to talk tough from a substantially weakened position. His options in pressuring Tho to adhere to the peace accords, however, could soon be severely limited. As a diplomat in Paris observed last week, "Kissinger could use the carrot-and-stick technique—alternating the threat of more bombing with the prospect of American economic aid for the reconstruction of North Viet Nam. But now it looks as though Congress may withhold the carrot and take away the stick."

If it does, Kissinger's task will be more difficult than ever. Hanoi is certainly aware of his predicament. As a result, it might be tempted to increase military pressure in Indochina. Whether the Soviet Union and China would try to restrain Hanoi depends on how Moscow and Peking assess Nixon's strength and authority in light of Watergate, and the President's ability to deliver the trade and technical benefits they would like, along with the political balance both sides desire.

A color photograph of a man with a mustache, wearing a light blue dress shirt and a patterned tie, sitting in an airplane seat. He is leaning back with his head resting on his hand, looking out the window with a smile. His other hand is resting on a tray table in front of him, which has some small items on it. The airplane interior, including the window and seat, is visible.

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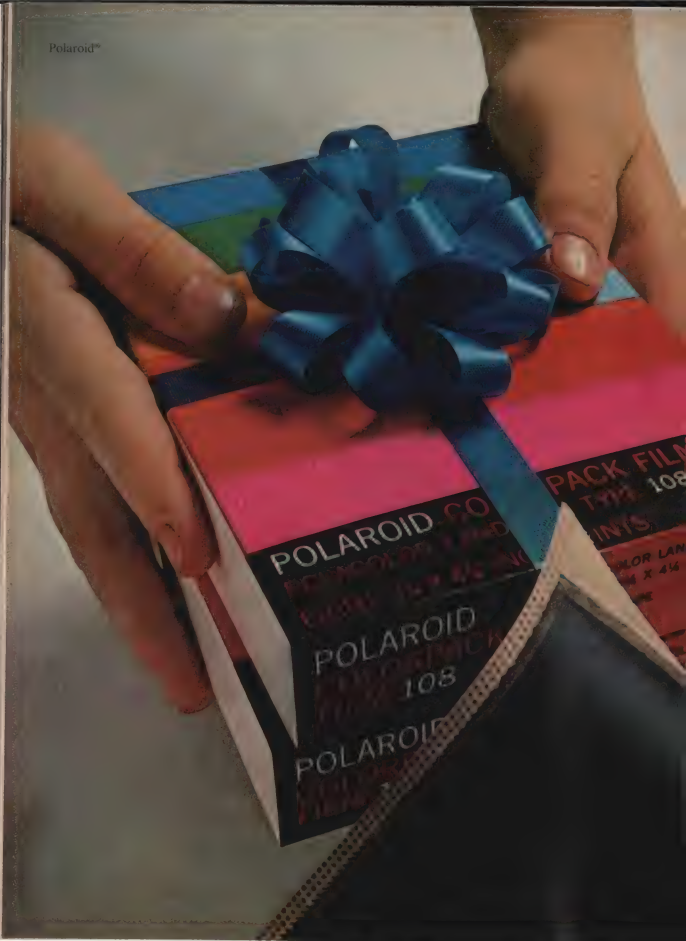
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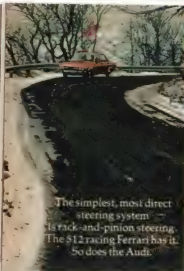
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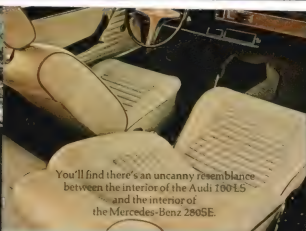
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The Rebels: A Force of Many Faces

One of the larger mysteries of the war in Cambodia is the precise nature of the antigovernment insurgents who now control more than half the population and 80% of the country.

Until the 1970 coup d'état, in which Marshal Lon Nol overthrew the government of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the Cambodian rebel force, then known as the Khmer Rouge, was a ragged band of perhaps 3,000 guerrillas who were affiliated with the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong. Since then, the rebels have grown into a seasoned revolutionary army of at least 45,000 troops, with a solid support cadre of more than 70,000 civilians. Last week, after visiting Phnom-Penh, *TIME* Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand sent this report on the insurgents:

DROP into Phnom-Penh and begin talking about the antigovernment forces now attacking round the capital, and it soon becomes apparent that the "faceless enemy" out there is not faceless at all. Indeed the problem is just the opposite: the Khmer insurgents (or the K.I., as intelligence officers call them these days) have so many faces that it is nearly impossible to keep them straight.

The official policy of the Lon Nol government is to lump all antigovernment forces together as "the Vietnamese Communists." By contrast, a young Khmer with royal blood and intelligence contacts makes an impassioned case that the K.I. are not really Communists at all, but anti-Lon Nol forces who would quickly settle the war if the marshal were put out to pasture.

Rallying Point. The American embassy pushes another line: the leadership of the K.I. is Khmer (native Cambodians), but they are also hard-core Communists who are irreversible servants of Hanoi. One Western military attaché has still another theory. He claims that the insurgents are divided between the Khmer Rouge (the old Communists), the Khmer Rumdos (the Sihanoukists) and the Khmer Issarak (the old anti-French forces). Then there is the opinion of Sihanouk, who says that the insurgency movement is a patriotic national liberation army loyal to the exiled Prince.

There is in fact a grain of truth in all of these theories. The insurgents are part leftist, part nationalist, part Communist and part Sihanoukist. Equally clear is that their military training and direction come from Hanoi. The 1970 coup, the subsequent U.S. and South Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, and the American bombing, served as the rallying point to bring all these factions together. They are united too in their contempt for Lon Nol, who is widely viewed as an American puppet—and an

ineffectual and corrupt one at that.

Those who have gone over to the K.I. include entire units of disgruntled soldiers from the Cambodian army, thousands of dissident intellectuals and professionals and at least ten battalions of Cambodian-born Vietnamese—a minority group that was massacred after the coup by Lon Nol's troops, who whipped up traditional anti-Vietnamese enmity to a frenzy. There are also battle-seasoned remnants of the old Khmer Viet Minh who fought against the French and went to North Viet Nam after the 1954 Geneva agreements. In-

ship of the North Vietnamese to the K.I. seems modeled on that of the Americans to the South Vietnamese. Though most units are commanded by Khmer officers, NVA advisers are never far away. In addition, the North shoulders much of the communications, planning and heavy weapons operations.

Despite Hanoi's powerful military hand, Sihanouk is at least the titular political leader of the K.I. Also increasingly prominent in the movement is an elusive trio known as "the Three Phantoms": Hou Youn, Hu Nim and Khieu Samphan, all members of the Assembly, who dropped from sight in 1967 and were later reported to be ministers in Sihanouk's government-in-exile. Their names frequently appear on documents and in radio broadcasts; in a recent in-



CIVILIAN SUPPORT CADRE OF THE CAMBODIAN REBEL FORCES (1971)
Good revolutionary manners helped the cause.

telligence sources estimate that 1,800 of these men have been put in command positions of the K.I.

Most of the ground troops, however, are non-Communist Khmers recruited in 1970 and 1971. Because it is a lush, underpopulated nation where most of the peasants own land, Cambodia was hardly fertile soil for spawning revolutionaries. But with careful use of propaganda and the Sihanouk name (still revered in the countryside), the insurgents and their North Vietnamese advisers were able to raise a substantial army. Good revolutionary manners helped. The North Vietnamese always paid for their rice and left the women alone. They provided medical treatment as well. Only after a period of moving in and establishing rapport with the peasantry did the K.I. set up rustic revolutionary schools and local governing committees in the Chinese or North Vietnamese style.

In many ways the present relation-

ship with *TIME*, Sihanouk said that Khieu Samphan is his Premier and head of government. There is some doubt among Western intelligence sources, however, as to whether the Phantoms really run the movement or are merely surrogates for Hanoi.

If the K.I.'s real leadership is obscure, so are the insurgents' goals. There is evidence that some elements would be willing to settle for a coalition government if they could only get rid of Lon Nol. On the other hand, it is argued, why should they agree to talk with a government they have all but defeated on the battlefield? Still another view is that any settlement in Cambodia is not in the Communists' interests at this time because it would be overly threatening to the U.S., South Viet Nam and Thailand. Indeed, when the time is ripe for the K.I. to negotiate, it seems likely that the many faces of the K.I.—which, for the present, appear to serve them very well—will coalesce into one.

DIPLOMACY

Barometer Reading: Clear Weather

THE sleek blue and white Soviet IL-62 jet descended circling out of the hazy blue sky, touched down lightly and taxied toward a welcoming band of West German officials led by Chancellor Willy Brandt. Black, gold and red West German flags and red and gold Soviet banners snapped in the breeze as the guard of honor clicked to attention, steel-tipped black boots at the prescribed 45-degree angle. Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev strode down the steps, shook hands with Brandt and stood at attention as a Bundeswehr band played the two nations' anthems.

It was one of those extraordinary moments in history that seem to sum up an era. As a Soviet editor put it, "When Brezhnev steps down in Bonn, you can draw a line under World War II." Brezhnev made it clear that he believed the outlook to be sunny. During a brief earlier visit to East Berlin, he had said: "The political barometer in Europe today points more and more plainly to clear weather." At the airport, he added: "We can say that a good foundation has been created. Now it is important to build on this foundation a stable edifice of good neighborly relations." Said Brandt: "A sorrowful history has made it difficult for us to get together, but we have dared to make a new beginning... we shall continue our dialogue of peaceful cooperation."

On the drive to the Petersberg Hotel from the airport, a few anti-Brezhnev slogans appeared. In general, the mood was calm. That may have been because the security precautions in Bonn were the most stringent in the history of the Federal Republic. At least

6,500 police and border guards patrolled the Rhine-side capital; Brezhnev's temporary residence at the refurbished Petersberg was surrounded by guards. Only three mass demonstrations were authorized by the cautious local police—one organized by the pro-Brezhnev German Communist Party (D.K.P.) and two by right-wing groups protesting the visit.

A helicopter equipped with a television camera circled over the demonstrations, ready to single out untoward disturbances. Earlier in the week, police had raided several offices of the anti-Brezhnev, Maoist-leaning Communist Party of Germany (K.P.D.), in a clear signal that any planned nastiness would not be tolerated. Proceedings are under way to ban the K.P.D.

As far as the leaders themselves were concerned, all the auguries seemed positive. In a pair of auspiciously timed interviews (Brezhnev with *Stern*, Brandt with *Izvestia*), both men radiated optimism. "I am coming with great interest and good will," Brezhnev told the German editors last week. "I am of the opinion that the Moscow Treaty has created an adequate foundation for the all-round development of relations." Chancellor Brandt stressed the opportunity for more "human" contacts: "I am not just thinking of agreements between different countries. What seems just as important to me are contacts between people... young people, parliamentarians, scientists, artists, people from economic life and labor."

Each leader professed the highest respect for the other. Brezhnev, said Brandt, is someone "with whom it is

possible to discuss difficult problems in all openness." For his part, the Soviet party chief described Brandt "as a serious man, an objective man with whom one can negotiate constructively, who sees the big problems and who does not stop for trifles."

Conveniently, neither mentioned the single greatest problem that stands in the way of improved trade and diplomatic relations between the two nations. Long ago, Nikita Khrushchev described West Berlin as a "bone in my throat"; the bone still sticks. During Brezhnev's five-day visit to West Germany, at least three previously initiated Bonn-Moscow agreements will be formally signed: on economic and industrial cooperation, cultural exchange and an extension of civil air routes. Two others—on the environment and scientific and technical cooperation—are snagged on the Berlin question.

Bonn insists that both must apply to West Berlin. The Russians refuse. On the environment issue, for instance, the Russians were willing to go along with the inclusion of a West Berlin clause until it occurred to them that the city's canals, according to a 1945 Allied agreement, fall under East Berlin's control. (In many cases, these canals constitute the East-West boundary.) This raised the question of East German participation in the Bonn-Moscow arrangement—and a pause for reconsideration was ordained. During Brezhnev's stop-over in East Berlin, he made it clear that the Soviet Union would not weaken on its stand that West Berlin is not part of West Germany and is not governed from Bonn.

Broad Discussions. Over the next few days, the two leaders were scheduled to discuss a broad range of topics, including not only Soviet-West German affairs but also European questions such as security and troop reductions. Brezhnev was scheduled to pay a formal call on Federal President Gustav Heinemann, meet with German businessmen, make a brief excursion to the town of Gummersbach. The agenda was weighted toward the economic side. Among the possibilities: an umbrella agreement for a West German-built \$2.2 billion steel foundry near Kursk, another for a machine tool factory, a third for a new nuclear plant in the Soviet Union that would deliver power to West Germany.

It seemed plausible that Brezhnev, flying home after his visit, might well tuck a few more triumphs into his suitcase. That could only expand his swelling prestige back in Moscow, where he has been the recent recipient of a remarkable press buildup. Example: in the week following May Day 1972, *Pravda* mentioned Brezhnev's name 18 times. In the similar period this year, *Pravda* cited him an extraordinary 371 times. If all goes as well as expected, Brezhnev will arrive in Washington next month at the crest of a powerful personal tide.



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EAST-WEST

A Slow, Slow Thaw

Despite the warmth of Brezhnev's meeting with Brandt, the armies of East and West still face each other in Central Europe. On that front, thawing the cold war is proving to be much more difficult than freezing it. Last week, after 3½ months of diplomatic delay and more than 70 top-secret meetings, talks to reduce the level of troops in that region finally began in Vienna, but under less than propitious circumstances.

The first plenary session lasted a mere nine minutes, during which the twelve NATO and seven Warsaw Pact delegations adopted an "arrangement on participation and procedures to be applied to the present consultations and forthcoming negotiations." Translation: the delegates had agreed to sit in alphabetical order around the table rather than grouped in blocs. But where they sat was, at least symbolically, something of a disappointment. The conference had been delayed for so long that it had lost its hold on the baroque council hall in Vienna's Imperial Palace. The delegates instead assembled in the austere meeting rooms of the International Atomic Energy Agency, from which they had to beg last-minute shelter.

Stone Wall. Even worse, the delegates could not agree on a name for the negotiations. The NATO powers proposed that it be called a conference for Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions (MBFR). That seemingly innocuous suggestion ran into a Soviet stone wall. Because East bloc nations have more troops and armor in Central Europe and even larger numbers near by, any "balanced" reduction would force a greater numerical cut upon them than upon Western nations. As a result, almost every meaningful word was slashed from the official communiqué of the first session, and the conference was blandly described as "the consultations related to Central Europe."

The main dispute that delayed the start of the sessions was over which nations rightfully belonged at the "consultations." The NATO powers insisted that since Hungary is clearly part of Central Europe, it ought to participate in the talks as a full member. That would place the 40,000 or so Soviet troops stationed in Hungary under the jurisdiction of the conference; the Russians, naturally, balked. So stubbornly did they insist that Hungary attend only as a nonvoting observer that the NATO powers reluctantly gave in.

Following the empty pleasantries of the opening sessions, both sides presented their proposals for an agenda. Now the talks will likely resubmerge for a while, as diplomats for the two sides secretly hammer out an agenda, a place and an autumn date for the first full-dress meetings. U.S. officials, counseling "patience," have warned that MBFR may be "ten times as complex as SALT."



RUBBLE-STREWN STREET IN BEIRUT AT HEIGHT OF THE FIGHTING

MIDDLE EAST

Will Compromise Mean Coexistence?

After a fortnight at the brink of civil war, Lebanon last week appeared to be at the brink of peace, at least for a time. After several days of furious negotiations, the Lebanese government and the Palestinian guerrillas announced that they had reached "identical viewpoints" on how to settle the bloody, brutal conflict that left more than 350 dead and 700 wounded.

From all the evidence, the still secret agreement was a coexistence pact with compromises made by both sides. In exchange for stricter discipline in the ranks, the government will allow the fedayeen to keep control of the refugee camps, which the guerrillas desperately need if they are to develop as a forceful Palestinian political entity.

At the same time, the fedayeen agreed to confine uniformed and armed members to the camps and other designated areas, and allow Lebanese police to share guard posts at the camps. In addition, both sides agreed to release their prisoners—which for the government means 350 fedayeen captured during the fighting.

While the talks went on, Beirut remained under martial law. At the end of the dusk-to-dawn curfew, traffic snarled into monster tangles at checkpoints, as soldiers scanned cardboard lists of suspect license numbers. Crowds were forbidden to gather, and even the pinball parlors (the latest craze in Beirut) were closed. In a government security drive, scores of people were arrested. The government also deported hundreds of foreigners, mostly Syrians, who lacked residence permits.

Last week's agreement between the

Palestinians and the government came none too soon for Lebanon, which has been economically paralyzed by the strife. But the uneasy compromise left a lot unsettled. President Suleiman Franjeh is expected to form a new government soon, which will respect Lebanon's constitutional division of power between the Christians, the Shia and the Sunni Moslems. Pressure from pro-Palestinian Moslems appeared to be an important factor in forcing Franjeh to settle with the guerrillas. Also instrumental was Lefist Leader Kamal Jumblatt, who stands to gain an important post in the new government, probably as Interior Minister.

Show of Unity. How long the settlement might last was another question. The fact that the various fedayeen organizations—including the extremist Popular Democratic Front—made an uncharacteristic show of unity during the negotiations suggests that the relatively moderate and conciliatory views of Al-Fatah Leader Yasser Arafat may be less heeded in the future. Some officers of the frustrated 16,000-man Lebanese army, which suffered surprisingly heavy losses, believe that the government cost them casualties by refusing to authorize all-out assaults. "If it starts again, there'll be no holding some of my units," warned one senior officer.

The final and potentially most worrisome problem was Jerusalem's strategy. The Israelis were unmistakably delighted to see the Lebanese army attempting to crack down on the guerrillas. As of last week, the bulk of the Lebanese army was concentrated near the refugee camps around Beirut, which meant that the fedayeen bases in the southeast were virtually ungarded. If the Israelis chose at this moment to cross the border and punish the guerrillas once more, Lebanon would clearly be right back at the brink of war.

SOVIET UNION

Homage to Solzhenitsyn

"Is it possible that we are again on our way toward the rule of violence and tyranny? Is art, after sparkling before us in a few—and certainly not in all—colors of the rainbow, destined again to be painted in just one color?"

The questions are asked by Russian Geneticist Zhores Medvedev, a leading Soviet intellectual and close friend of the man who for years has had to bear the weight of official Soviet censorship—Alexander Solzhenitsyn. That such questions are being put forward by a Soviet citizen who has been given official permission to live in London for a year—and presumably could be "recalled" home for simply asking them—is significant enough. Even more important, they have been raised in the first biography by a Russian of the country's greatest living novelist.

Ten Years After One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, which will be initially published (in Russian) by Macmillan of London this week, is described by Medvedev as a *Festschrift* (German for a written homage). In part, it is a vivid account of an artist who has struggled to write and publish under extraordinarily hazardous conditions. *Ten Years* is also a detailed analysis of Soviet cultural life from Nikita Khrushchev's brief era of liberalization in 1962 (when *One Day* was published in the Soviet Union) down through the repressive climate of the present day.

Tragic History. At the center of the book is the tragic literary history of Solzhenitsyn. Ironically, his troubles began with the publication of *One Day* by the literary magazine *Novy Mir* in 1962. Eventually that book became an increasingly intolerable burden to the new leadership of the Communist Party. In the shifts of party policy that followed Khrushchev's downfall, mere mention of any crimes committed in the Stalinist era was anathema. Friends of Sol-

zhenitsyn who tried to defend his subsequent anti-Stalinist books (including *The Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*) were condemned by the official press, and many lost their jobs. Solzhenitsyn himself was ousted from the Soviet Writers Union in 1969.

Alexander Tvardovsky, one of Russia's best-known poets, had published *One Day* while editor of *Novy Mir*. He soon fell into disgrace and was forced to leave the magazine. At his funeral in 1971, writes Medvedev, no friends were allowed to give eulogies. The ceremonies were strictly supervised by party functionaries who made no mention of Tvardovsky's role in the publication of Russia's great postwar novel.

Medvedev singles out a number of people who have made notable efforts to discredit Solzhenitsyn. For instance, Culture Minister Yekaterina Furseva helped prevent Solzhenitsyn from receiving the 1964 Lenin Prize for Literature, one of the Soviet Union's most prestigious awards. Medvedev also attacks Victor Louis, a roaming Soviet correspondent noted for providing leaks on Soviet policy shifts to the Western press. The author describes him as a "special agent of the KGB." Louis, claims Medvedev, planted a stolen copy of Solzhenitsyn's *The Cancer Ward* with the Russian émigré publication *Possev*, which is based in West Germany. Since this magazine is considered an anti-Soviet journal, its publication of a book by a Russian writer may constitute grounds for arrest and imprisonment.

Interestingly enough, Medvedev reserves some of his strongest criticism for Western publishers. Solzhenitsyn, he writes, was "appalled" by the poor translations of *One Day*. Further, says Medvedev, Dial Press and Farrar, Straus & Giroux published *The Cancer Ward* without permission (the publishers deny it). Medvedev also claims that Praeger Publishers ignored his repeated requests on behalf of Solzhenitsyn that they provide rare drugs for a dying Russian girl from royalties that the company had agreed to pay the writer for

One Day. A Praeger spokesman has denied this charge, too, insisting that "there never was any question of our refusing to pay royalties to Solzhenitsyn."

Perhaps the worst villains in the book are the Swedes. According to Medvedev, Gunnar Jarring, the Swedish ambassador to Moscow, did not even send a customary cable of congratulations to Solzhenitsyn when he won the Nobel Prize. If the Swedes had offered to help Solzhenitsyn receive the prize instead of backing away timidly after learning of Soviet displeasure, Medvedev argues, the Russians would have granted Solzhenitsyn the right to return to his homeland, which otherwise he feared would be refused him.

Direct Approach. Why has Medvedev risked his Soviet citizenship by publishing the book now? In conversation with TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin in London last week, Medvedev disclosed that he had completed the biography before he was granted permission to leave the Soviet Union. When he learned that the U.S.S.R. was going to join the Universal Copyright Convention on May 27, he decided that he would publish the book as soon as possible. He obviously was convinced that the new copyright law would enable Soviet officials to censor writers who are critical of Soviet society.

Moreover, said Medvedev, once the deadline has passed, "a direct approach [to a publisher] may become a criminal matter." As for whether he will be allowed to go home again, Medvedev remarked dryly that Soviet officials "must read the book and make their own decisions."

CHINA

Assignment in Peking

It was, remarked David K.E. Bruce as he crossed from Hong Kong into China last week, a "very intriguing" assignment. That said, the 75-year-old veteran diplomat, who had previously served as ambassador to Paris, London and Bonn, flew on to Peking from Canton in a Chinese Trident jet to begin his new chores as chief of the U.S. Liaison Office to the People's Republic of China. There, for the first time since Nixon's visit, an American flag was raised signaling the official establishment of formal relations between the U.S. and China after a lapse of 23 years.

Bruce's reception in the Chinese capital was cordial but low-keyed. On the day after his arrival, he was received by Chiao Kuan-hua, vice minister of foreign affairs. Next afternoon Bruce saw Foreign Minister Chi Peng-fei; in the evening Chiao Kuan-hua gave a dinner for the entire American mission, including Marine guards and Seabees, at the New Peking International Club.

An American advance team has been working out arrangements for the

SOLZHENITSYN AT MOSCOW FUNERAL OF POET ALEXANDER TVARDOVSKY





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liaison office for the past month, and has found the Chinese extraordinarily cooperative. Scores of Chinese workers labored round the clock to put the finishing touches on the new tiled-roof limestone compound that will house the mission (temporary headquarters have been set up in a diplomatic apartment building until the building is completed in early June). Peking permitted the U.S. to fly in two cargo planes from Guam loaded with furniture, cars, appliances and supplies—causing considerable surprise and some resentment among other members of the diplomatic community who have been denied similar requests.

Bruce does not have the title of ambassador. But Chiao graciously addressed him as "Mr. Ambassador" at last week's meeting, and the new mission will be an embassy in everything but name. It will provide office space for the 31-member liaison staff (ten of whom speak Chinese) and a residence for the Bruces. Staff members will be

ners saying U.S. IMPERIALISM IS THE MAIN ENEMY OF MANKIND. Instead, the watchword is a quote from Mao: "Make the past serve the present, and foreign things serve China." Bruce's arrival was given routine coverage in Chinese papers.

LATIN AMERICA

Bad Trip for Rogers

The trouble started before Secretary of State William Rogers arrived. In Bogotá, thousands of Colombian students boycotted classes to protest his 17-day tour through eight Latin American nations. Others blocked the main highway from downtown Bogotá to the airport. By the time Rogers arrived, however, most of the students had been dispersed by police, and the official motorcade zipped into the capital without incident.

As Richard Nixon has reason to remember from his 1958 experience in Caracas, Latin American student protests against visiting U.S. dignitaries are nothing new. Nonetheless, the Bogotá protests symbolized the continent's coolness toward Rogers' tour. Before leaving Washington two weeks ago, he grandly described his swing through Mexico, Nicaragua, Venezuela, Peru, Colombia, Brazil, Argentina and Jamaica as "the most important trip to Latin America by a Secretary of State in the past 40 years." In fact, it may end up as a diplomatic fiasco. If so, Washington will have to bear a large share of the blame.

In recent years, the U.S. has been so preoccupied with such larger matters as the war in Viet Nam and *détente* with the Soviet Union and China that it has virtually ignored its neighbors to the south. To many Latin Americans, Washington's policy has seemed more like "malign neglect" than benign neglect; a low profile by the U.S. south of the border meant a low priority for Latin America north of it.

Among other matters, some Latin Americans are unhappy about a U.S. veto last March of a U.N. Security Council resolution calling for a draft treaty guaranteeing Panama's claim to sovereignty over the Canal Zone. They are miffed, and also a bit puzzled over Nixon's inflexible attitude toward Cuba at a time when the U.S. is actively wooing China and the Soviet Union.

Rogers' trip—a prologue to an expected Nixon visit next February—was designed to show that the U.S. still cares about Latin America. But it was so hastily arranged that it was viewed by many diplomats as just another example of *Yanqui* paternalism.

In Buenos Aires, Rogers' itinerary was received so late that at week's end the U.S. embassy had been unable to arrange a meeting between Rogers and President-elect Héctor Cámpora. Rogers apparently lacks the rank to attend some of the diplomatic functions for Cámpora's inauguration this Friday; he has been shunted off to a Saturday luncheon served for lesser lights.

Punctilious Protocol. Rogers had an even more awkward time in Rio de Janeiro. There he waited for three days before flying to the capital of Brasília for an official welcome. The reason: his counterpart, Foreign Minister Mário Gibson Barbosa, along with President Emílio Médici and the rest of Brazil's top officialdom, was away on a visit to Portugal. Protocol dictated that Rogers could not see anyone—or leave Rio—until Barbosa returned. He could easily have arranged either to stay at home or to fly back to Rio a day or two early. The fact that the Brazilian officials stuck punctiliously to their ceremonial visit underscored their feeling about the importance of Rogers' visit.

In Mexico, which also received Rogers with yawning indifference, the Secretary of State was able to smooth over a growing dispute about the Colorado River, which for years has been spilling polluted water into Mexico, ruining its crops. Rogers assured President Luis Echeverría that the U.S. would spend "a good deal of money" to help clean up the river. He also gave his hosts symbolic proof of Washington's willingness to right old wrongs, by returning several pre-Columbian artifacts that were stolen from Mexico and later recovered in California by U.S. officials. They are part of a much larger cache of relics that will be returned to Mexico by year's end.



ENVOY BRUCE & FOREIGN MINISTER CHIA
Very intriguing.

limited to a twelve-mile radius of the capital; their counterparts in Washington will be confined, like other Communist representatives, to a 25-mile radius. Ordinarily, diplomats can travel outside the restricted boundaries with special permission, and both countries have indicated they would approve a reciprocal easing of restrictions.

The main business of the mission will be, as Bruce put it, to normalize relations. Apart from that, it will oversee American trade with China, which is expected to reach \$500 million this year, largely due to the sale of cotton, grain, five Boeing 707s, and \$9,000,000 worth of RCA communications satellite equipment. Much of the serious political business, however, is expected to be handled in Washington by Presidential Aide Henry Kissinger and Chinese Representative to the U.S. Huang Chen, who is expected to arrive by mid-June.

The Chinese people have been carefully prepared for the American presence. Gone from the streets are ban-



ROGERS GIVES RELIC TO MEXICAN OFFICIAL
To many, the neglect seemed malign.



BOBBY & MARGARET

"I'm the women's champion of the world now," crowed **Robert L. Riggs**, 55, about his \$12,500 win over **Margaret Smith Court**, 30. Serving taunting side-arm twisters, sky-high lobs and—surprise!—zinging aces, Riggs took just 57 minutes to defeat Mrs. Court, the current queen of women's tennis, 6-2, 6-1. Immediately after that match, the runty tennis hustler talked about a women's match "to see who gets to play me next. Let the girls fight it out." Riggs has turned down matches with both **Billie Jean King** and **Chris Evert**—with purses of \$10,000 and \$50,000. "There won't be any match until the price is right and that means \$100,000 plus." Meanwhile, Riggs applied to play in a women's tournament in Newport, R.I., this summer. He said he would claim discrimination "if they do not accept me. I'll even wear a dress." Sure, came back the word. // Riggs wore that dress

Scene: Hyannis Port, early spring, 1968, a few months before **Bobby Kennedy's** assassination. Bobby was leading in the presidential polls. **Jacqueline Kennedy** was "more excited than I had seen

her for years." **Joseph Kennedy's** nurse, **Rita Dallas**, writes in her new book *The Kennedy Case*. "Won't it be wonderful when we get back in the White House?" Jackie called out to a roomful of the clan. "What do you mean, we?" **Ethel** answered, cutting her cold. Nurse Dallas recalls that the next day Jackie asked her about her own lonely years as a widow and spent the day walking to "all the familiar places that were dear to her and the President." Later Jackie laid her cheek on Joseph Kennedy's hand and whispered, "You'll always know I love you, won't you, Grandpa?" Not long after, Jackie married Ari

Twenty years ago, when the British made the extraordinary first conquest of Mount Everest, it seemed like one of the last great adventures left to man. But now some of the derring-do has gone out of the climb. A few weeks ago an Italian expedition of 64 climbers brought in 60 tons of equipment, including two helicopters, to put eight men at the top. "A very competent military operation which had nothing to do with mountaineering," huffed **Sir Edmund Hillary**, who with **Tenzing Norgay** had raised the British flag on the summit. Hillary, who devotes himself to building schools for Nepali Sherpa children in the Everest region, said he hoped the crest would be left to small parties of climbers. "It's now reached the height of the ridiculous."

The handsome face with the jaunty beard and mustache was vaguely and sadly familiar. A cache of newly discovered photographs, handed down by a friend of one of the Czarina's ladies in waiting, includes one of **Czar Nicholas II**, canoeing with his son, **Czarevich Alexis**, and another of the Czar's two youngest daughters, the Grand Duchesses **Maria** and **Anastasia**. The specter of their Romanov majesties was also unexpectedly raised in London by

Liberal Party Leader **Jeremy Thorpe**. Although history has it that the whole family was wiped out by the Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg in 1918, an amateur historian has convinced Thorpe that some members escaped alive. Thorpe has begun a formal inquiry into communications that he says have been going on since last May between the British Foreign Office and Washington regarding the rescue of the former Czar and members of his family

Right there in the girlie magazine's gamy letters-to-the-editor column, who should turn up but **Ronald Reagan**? Unlike the other correspondents, who like to share their sexcapades, he was writing *Penthouse* to compliment Cartoonist **Al Capp** on a highly flattering article mentioning the Governor of California that had appeared five months before. "Naturally, I find [Capp] most perceptive. Seriously, I was greatly impressed by his entire article." Was Reagan a regular reader of *Penthouse*? No, said his secretary: someone had sent him the *Al Capp* clipping. Perhaps he had a personal subscription she was unaware of. "Oh," she said, "I doubt it very much."

Poet **Allen Ginsberg**, in California for some college lectures, also did a little singing, accompanying himself on his harmonium. He and his father, **Louis Ginsberg**, 77, have started putting blues-style melodies to the verses the older Ginsberg, a retired teacher, still composes. Louis' poems are not at all like Allen's. Their rhyme: "It was not coffee/ I was drinking up/ But something wine-like from your spirits cup."

"I don't want to divert from the Watergate issue—that would be the cowardly thing to do," declared the familiar earnest voice from beneath familiar furrowed brows. "Pat and I this day have adopted two Vietnamese orphans—one from North Viet Nam, one from



REAPPEARANCE OF THE ROMANOV: CZAR NICHOLAS, ALEXIS, MARIA & ANASTASIA



**The difference between a small car
and a small car by Buick.**



Introducing Apollo. By Buick.



(Text and illustrations follow)

Another small car? Aren't there enough on the market already?

Small cars come in big numbers.



Yes and no. Yes, there are small cars of many makes and models running around. No, there isn't the kind of small car that Buick thinks America needs.

A small car has small-car hangups.

The biggest argument for small cars seems to be that... well, they're small. They cost less to buy. They cost less to operate.

They're easy to drive. And they're fun to drive.

But there are a number of situations in which a number of small cars are ill at ease.

Like on expressways. Or on bumpy roads. Or with a family inside.

Getting around in a small car isn't always easy.



A big car has big-car hangups. The biggest argument for big cars seems to be that they take good care of you. They offer performance, roominess, and riding comfort.

But a big car can be a handful when you're trying to maneuver and park on small streets or in big traffic. And a big car costs more, both to buy and to operate.

The plan, then, was to combine the advantages of a big car with the advantages of a small car.

Ah, the joys of driving a big car.



Introducing Apollo by Buick. Now, about the body. Let's face it. Apollo's basic body configuration is something you've seen before.

But Buick has taken that same basic shell and transformed it into Apollo—a small car that offers the kind of prestige, performance and creature comforts you'd expect of a larger car. There's a high level of interior and exterior trim available. And there's abundant acoustical insulation.

Sports car lovers will find the ride too soft.

Which is just fine. Because we designed Apollo for comfort, not for competition.



Performs beautifully even though the road is rough.

And we did it with coil springs up front, multi-leaf springs in the rear—each selected by a computer according to the way each Apollo is equipped.

This is one small car that knows how to keep quiet. In all Apollo models, sound deadeners are applied to the roof panel, under front and rear seat floors, to the door outer panels, wheelhouses, and the passenger compartment floor.

There's insulation below and behind the instrument panel.

With available V-8 engines, a full fiberglass hood blanket is included. And to help isolate



It isn't a typical compact—not when you add a Buick V-8.

There are V-8s and there are Buick V-8s. A rather important distinction.

Because Buick V-8 engines offer features like nickel-plated exhaust valves, semi-closed cooling systems, time-modulated chokes and so on and so forth.

It's really not important that you understand all the equipment. Just so you understand that a Buick V-8 is a rather special way to power a car.

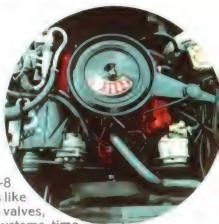
And that the 350-cubic-inch V-8s that go into Apollos are the same engines that go into our most expensive Century models.

There are two Buick V-8s available for Apollo—and either one can handle both city streets and highways.

Naturally, Apollo is available in a hatchback.

Which is a beautiful way to make an already "big" small car even bigger. Because with the hatchback up and the back seat down, Apollo takes on a lot of cargo-carrying ability.

The cargo area is over six fully carpeted feet long—with a whopping 27-cubic-foot capacity. Not bad for a small car.

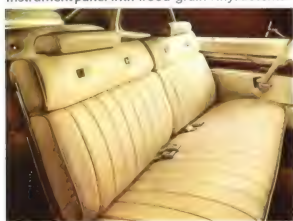


noise and vibrations, rubber isolation mounts are used between the body and the frame.

When all is said and done, Apollo simply doesn't sound like a small car.

Perhaps the most impressive asset is inside.

Thick carpeting is standard. So is an instrument panel with wood-grain vinyl accents.



Custom interior available

So are front and rear armrests and ashtrays.

The full-foam seats are very un-small-car. They're big, thick and comfortable—with room for legs, hips and shoulders.

Why Apollo weighs 450 pounds more than a lesser compact. When ordered the way we suggest, Apollo weighs more because Apollo comes with more. Standard equipment includes that rather imposing bumper system with full-width steel reinforcement.

Large E78 x 14 tires.

And all that insulation.

Then there are Apollo's available and eminently desirable V-8 engines and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.



Fill'er up.

continued...

Of course, if you're not inclined to carry Christmas trees or carpets in your Apollo, you can always choose either a 2-door Coupe or a 4-door Sedan version.

You'll still have plenty of room for people because Apollo's interiors are deceptively roomy.

Apollo may be a small car, but it's hard to tell from the inside.



Your choice of 4-door, Hatchback or Coupe body styles.

If you have about 3,200 dollars to spend for a car, read on. At first thought, the idea of spending more than 3,000 dollars for a typical small car might sound a bit steep.

But then, we're not talking about a typical small car, are we?

Let's say you have 3,200 dollars to spend.

Your money will get you an Apollo 2-door Coupe with the following recommended equipment:

- Buick 350 cubic-inch V-8 (2-bbl. carb.) • Turbo Hydra-Matic 350 Transmission • Variable Ratio Power Steering • E78 x 14 Whitewall Bias Ply Tires • Deluxe Wheel Covers • Bumper Protective Strips (Front and Rear) • Protective Body Side Moldings.

Of course there are plenty of additional items you can specify, but the combination suggested makes a good, solid base to start with.

And at that price, with that much equipment, Apollo is about as much small car as you're going to find on the market today.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for the Apollo 2-door Coupe includes dealer new vehicle preparation charge and the equipment listed above. Other options, destination charge, state and local taxes are additional.

Specifications

Dimensions (inches, unless otherwise noted)	
Wheelbase	111.0
Length	197.9
Width	72.4
Height	52.5
Curb weight (lbs.)	3317
Axle Ratio: Manual Transmission	3.08
Automatic Transmission	2.73

Apollo. By Buick.





DAVID ASCH

South Viet Nam. In America, anything is possible." The sound is **Richard Nixon**, emanating from Impressionist **David Frye**, taking off the President to crowds at Washington's Shoreham Hotel. Nixon's election-night headquarters. Frye, hunching into his shoulders and flashing a V sign, continues: "My Administration has taken crime off the streets and put it into the White House, where I can watch it. Regarding Watergate, those men were wrong. Well, nobody is perfect. They made a mistake—they got caught."

Astronaut Geologist **Dr. Harrison Schmitt** seems to have learned something about memory as well as about the moon when he took his lunar stroll last year: "My moon walk was so brief that few impressions were implanted in my mind. Every now and again I start to tell someone about something I saw on the moon, and I realize I'm telling about something I saw in a picture."

On his first day as acting president of San Francisco State College, 4½ years ago, **S.I. Hayakawa**, wearing a plaid tam-o'-shanter, jumped on top of a student striker's sound truck and ripped out the loudspeaker wires. Although he cooled the campus, he managed to stir up some controversy of his own. Student activists have been trying unsuccessfully to stick him and the trustees with a federal suit alleging embezzlement, bribery, fraud, racial discrimination, lack of due process and misappropriation of student funds. Now retiring as president, Hayakawa, 66, was presented by dissident students with a T shirt emblazoned with a swastika. "To some of you, I am a racist pig," responded Hayakawa. "To others, I am the savior of the university." But he had had enough of both roles. "I would hate like hell to do this again," said the semanticist in simple English.

TIME, MAY 28, 1973

THE THEATER

Gnash

NASH AT NINE

Verses and lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Music by MILTON ROSENSTOCK

Dear Ogden Nash—
Though dandy your candy,
And puissant your liquor,
Broadway kills quicker
Late flash—
We still love you push

■ T.E. Kalem

Coolheaded Gascon

CYRANO

Translated and adapted from
EDMOND ROSTAND
by ANTHONY BURGESS

Some of the classics in the world of the arts are like family heirlooms, objects of lingering sentiment rather than pinnacles of aesthetic quality. Is the *Mona Lisa* a great painting, *Les Sylphides* a great ballet, or *Clair de Lune* a great piece of music? Not really, but they are all sentimental favorites. So it is with *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Both the play and its hero are more than a trifle silly. Yet this poet-duelist ham who boasts of besting 100 men in a single encounter has proved endearing.

It may be because *Cyrano* wears his soul with panache, a plume of the lyric spirit. He has the brio of a Don Juan, yet he dares not woo the beautiful and shallow Roxane for fear that his monstrous nose will render him ridiculously ugly in her eyes. And so he puts his words of eloquence, passion and longing at the service of the handsome and inarticulate dolt Christian, whom Roxane fancies. *Cyrano* also possesses some

of the romantic chivalry of Don Quixote. He tilts at the crass, compromising windbags of this world. He has an innate gallantry that makes his last-act death scene extremely poignant.

For all its intrinsic appeal, the current revival of *Cyrano* is less than wholly satisfying. For mystifying reasons, the play has been converted into a musical. Since the songs are clumsily inserted into the text, they simply interrupt the narrative flow. The music was composed by Michael J. Lewis and he has the soaring melodic imagination of a computer. The lyrics, supplied by Anthony Burgess, lean more toward economy than eloquence, and while Burgess's adaptation of the main body of the text is brisk and fluently idiomatic, it is emotionally reserved and poetically undernourished.

Something of the same dry, businesslike efficiency infects Christopher Plummer's performance in the title role. His *Cyrano* is too coolheaded to quite suit the hot-blooded son of Gascony. Plummer commands our admiration without stirring our hearts. ■ T.E.K.

Tipsy Pirandello

THE PLAY'S THE THING

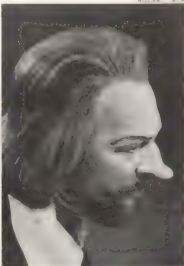
Adapted from FERENC MOLNAR
by P.G. WODEHOUSE

There was a time when playwrights did not damn the world or preach to it, or try to save it. They simply savored the champagne fizz of its worldliness.

Hungarian-born Playwright Ferenc Molnar (1878-1952) graced that happy time with many an urbane trifle. *The Play's The Thing* is a choice example. If it spends most of its time winking at the audience, the play is saved by its Continental suavity.

The hero (Hugh Franklin) is a playwright. The playwright's young composer godson (David Dukes) is engaged to a tempestuous prima donna (Elizabeth Owens). Late one night godfather and godson overhear the lady, through paper-thin walls, in a vocal and vigorous session of lovemaking with an actor (Neil Flanagan). While the godson threatens suicide, the godfather hits on a ruse. The guilty lovers, he will pretend, had actually been rehearsing a play—which has still to be written.

The run-through of that play within the play gives Molnar's own a rousingly hilarious third act, call it tipsy Pirandello. He gets a very able assist from the daffy humor of P.G. Wodehouse's adaptation. Earlier on, *The Play's The Thing* is not always spirited. While the lines are amusing, the story is sometimes becalmed—but never for very long. Paced by Gene Feist's animatedly stylish direction, the Roundabout Theatre Company makes this revival a comic refreshment. ■ T.E.K.

PLUMMER IN "CYRANO"
Tilting at windbags.

Impeachment

The scene is almost beyond imagining. The dignitaries of the Senate taking a special oath and functioning as a 100-member jury, presided over by the Chief Justice. The Senate chamber jammed with extra seats for observers from the House. A team of prosecutors chosen by and from the members of the House, squared off against a team of lawyers retained by the defendant—the President of the U.S.

Impeachment is the most talked-about and shied-away-from of the possibilities arising out of the Watergate crisis. A month ago, when California's Democratic Congressman John Moss suggested a House inquiry into the matter, he was told by party leaders that the move was "premature." The Library of Congress, however, has a waiting list of people who want to inspect its materials on impeachment.

There is plenty to think about, for the Constitution is not entirely clear, and precedents are few. Impeachment first appeared in England in 1386 as a way of reaching the King's advisers (the King was considered incapable of doing wrong), and it has often been a political procedure rather than a judicial one. Said Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist*: "There will always be the greatest danger that the decision will be regulated more by the comparative strength of the parties, than by the real demonstrations of innocence or guilt."

Two Thirds. The impeachment of a President (or any other federal official) starts with unexpected ease. All that is necessary is for a Congressman to introduce an appropriate resolution. In fact, such a resolution was introduced last year against Richard Nixon because of his conduct of the war in Viet Nam. Similar resolutions have been offered against Truman, Hoover (twice), Cleveland, Andrew Johnson and Tyler.

If a House committee approves, then the full House, calling itself "the

grand inquest of the nation," decides by a simple majority whether to impeach, the equivalent of an indictment. If it does, the Senate becomes "the high court of impeachment," and conducts the trial; it can convict by a two-thirds majority of those present. Andrew Johnson, the lone President to be impeached, escaped conviction by one vote (35-19) after he attempted to fire his popular Secretary of War in defiance of a new law that forbade it.

Much as in a criminal trial, evidence is presented and witnesses are cross-examined. The defendant may or may not appear in person. Any questions a Senator may have must be written out and submitted to the Chief Justice, who then asks them. The Chief Justice makes procedural rulings, like any trial judge, but a majority of the Senators can overrule him, deciding, for instance, to admit or exclude a particular piece of evidence. The Senators, unlike ordinary jurors, are also free to wander in and out or even to confer with outsiders.

One key question in an impeachment is whether the alleged offense must be an actual crime. Only four men have ever been impeached and convicted by Congress, all of them federal judges, and two of them for judicial improprieties that were not formally criminal. Indeed the Constitution specifies that impeachment can result only in removal from office, although the same acts can result in a later criminal trial. In any event, the Constitution is not clear as to what is an impeachable offense, listing only "treason, bribery or other high crimes and misdemeanors."

Three years ago, House G.O.P. Leader Gerald Ford, seeking to impeach Justice William O. Douglas, argued that "an impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be." Nixon's former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst has argued similarly that "you don't need facts to impeach a President," just votes.

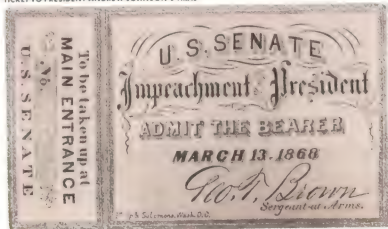
Harvard Law Historian Raoul Berger, 72, writes persuasively that the definition was meant to be narrower. Berger is the author of a timely new book, which he hears is being photocopied all over Washington—*Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems* (Harvard University Press; \$14.95). "Maladministration," he found, was proposed by one of the Framers as grounds for impeachment, but was dropped after James Madison complained that "so vague a term will be equivalent to a tenure during the pleasure of the Senate." Instead, the term "high crimes and misdemeanors" was substituted, and Berger shows that its meaning at the time did not include poor management, but did include, according to two of the Constitution's backers, "acts of great injury to the community" or "great misdemeanors against the public."

Is Congress itself the final arbiter of such matters? Impeachment convictions have long been considered unappealable, but Berger argues that "the President, no less than the lowliest felon, is entitled to due process of law." He contends that the Supreme Court's 1969 voiding of the House's exclusion of Adam Clayton Powell announced the principle that Congress was not immune from judicial review in its handling of an individual.

Who Succeeds? The newly suggested possibility of an appeal wildly complicates the issue of succession. Would the President remain in office pending the Supreme Court's final determination? Even if he were removed, or if he resigned, would the Vice President take over? Constitutionalists have taken belated note of a provision of the 25th Amendment, ratified six years ago after Lyndon Johnson, having succeeded the murdered John Kennedy, served without a Vice President. The amendment states that if the vice presidency is vacant, the President can appoint a new Vice President, with the concurrence of both houses. The clause is now being cited as a way to install a thoroughly untainted caretaker President. Under this scenario, the caretaker would be appointed to the vice presidency—made vacant by accession or resignation; when the new Vice President was confirmed, the President would then resign by prearrangement, turning the government over to the new man.

The impeachment procedure has not been fully used since 1936, and there are many who consider it both too partisan and too inefficient for the settlement of a crisis. Berger reminds, however, that "we tend to view the President with awe; when the Framers were setting things up, they viewed him with apprehension." Still, he says, "impeachment of the President should be a last resort." Indeed some early advice on the subject endures. "The power of impeachment," said the English Solicitor General in 1691, "ought to be, like Goliath's sword, kept in the temple, and not used but on great occasions."

TICKET TO PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON'S TRIAL





ARE YOU PAYING FOR YOUR WATCH'S MISTAKES?

A dishonest watch can make you guilty in the eyes of the law. Lazy in the eyes of your boss. And sloppy in the eyes of your friends.

To prevent this character assassination, get an Accutron® watch. It doesn't run the run of the mill way.

It has a tuning fork movement guaranteed to tell the truth to within a minute a month.*

And after months and months of its unwavering honesty, it'll restore people's faith in you.

BULOVA ACCUTRON®

The faithful tuning fork watch

Left to right: #25526, 14K white gold \$275. #14810, 10K white gold \$165. Other styles at lower jewelry and department stores. From \$100. ©Bulova Watch Co., Inc.
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Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.

Chrysler Corporation to take care

Optional Dual Air Conditioning.

A Chrysler Corporation exclusive, is the only system with a rear unit to supplement the front air conditioner for cool comfort, front and back. Optional on our full-size station wagons.

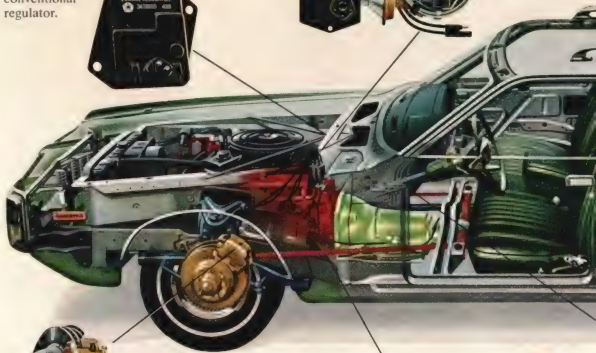
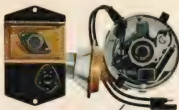
Electronic Voltage Regulator.

Helps increase battery life, and its solid-state components assure greater reliability than a conventional regulator.



Electronic Ignition.

Delivers up to 35% more starting voltage than conventional systems. With no points or condenser to replace, maintenance costs are reduced.



**Standard Power
Front Disc Brakes.**
Give sure stopping power. They resist fade and retain effectiveness when wet.



Torsion-Bar Suspension.

Helps control lean, brake dive, bumps and sway. Exclusive Torsion-Quiet ride helps eliminate annoying road noises.

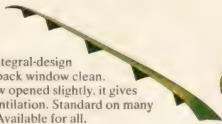


Discover the difference extra care in engineering makes in every Dodge, Chrysler and Plymouth wagon built in this country.

wagons are engineered of kids or cargo.

Air Deflector.

Our exclusive integral-design helps keep the back window clean. With the window opened slightly, it gives flow-through ventilation. Standard on many of our wagons. Available for all.



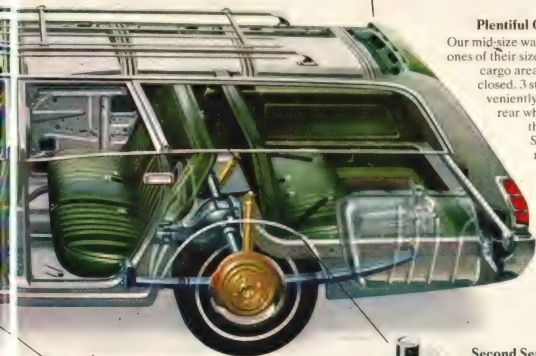
Three-Way Tailgate.

Is engineered to open three convenient ways: opens as a door with the window up, with the window down, and it opens as a tailgate.



Plentiful Cargo Capacity.

Our mid-size wagons are the only ones of their size with a flat, 4'x8' cargo area with the tailgate closed. 3 storage trays, conveniently located over the rear wheel wells, handle the odds and ends. Stowage compartment beneath the cargo floor of all our station wagons, gives extra storage space.



Tailgate Auto-Lock.

Our Auto-Lock automatically locks the tailgate when the ignition is turned on. Standard on some Chrysler Corporation station wagons; optional on others.



Second Seat Release.

Conveniently located, can be reached from either side. (A push button located in center of seat-back on intermediate wagons and a lever located on both sides of full-size wagons.)



**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**

CHRYSLER • PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DODGE TRUCKS



WILSON 1200 CLUBS LET SCIENCE IMPROVE YOUR GAME. NO MATTER HOW GOOD A GAME YOU PLAY.

No single club innovation will markedly improve a serious golfer's game.

But when a single set of clubs embodies many of the significant and exclusive scientific developments of the last decade, these clubs must merit your consideration.

Fore-Weighting. Years ahead of its time.

A small tungsten alloy Fore-Weight is implanted in each Wilson 1200 wood club face.

This Fore-Weight helps move the club head's center of gravity in line with the lightweight steel shaft. So the tendency of the head to open or close during the swing is significantly diminished.

This increases your chances of a solid, square hit and longer, straighter shots. Time after time.

A horizontally and vertically expanded sweet spot.

We have expanded the sweet spot horizontally on our investment-cast Wilson 1200 irons through Perimeter Weighting. But we have gone a step further than all other club makers. We

have also expanded the sweet spot vertically by placing tungsten alloy discs at precisely calculated points on each iron. The more lofted the iron, the higher the placement of the disc on the back of the blade. And in the more lofted clubs, the discs are heavier and larger. The result: A vertically enlarged sweet spot that is expanded even higher on the more lofted irons.

This means that the weight stays behind the ball even as it climbs the club face during the shot.

So, no matter what number or loft iron you play, the weight is always where you want it. Behind the ball.

The Counter-Torque shaft.

All Wilson 1200 woods and irons have the exclusive Counter-Torque shaft.

Its special lower section is firmer than ordinary shafts to



increase your ability to make square contact with the ball. And to give you the unique "feel" of truly great clubs.

Take a test drive.

But, no matter what we say here, there's only one way to learn the whole Wilson 1200 story.

Examine a set of Wilson 1200 clubs at your professional golf shop.

And learn what science can do for your game.

Wilson

THE WILSON 1200 ARSENAL.



THE PRESS

Defending Nixon

Most of the press comment on Richard Nixon's involvement in Watergate is highly critical, and skepticism over the President's disclaimers is widespread among editorial writers and columnists. But a minority have been expressing varying degrees of sympathy with Nixon. They seem to be governed either by a firm belief in his personal integrity or by the conviction that his innocence must—for the good of the country—be assumed unless hard facts disprove it.

A few Nixon defenders have vehemently challenged the press's role in Watergate. Last week Franklin B. Smith, editorial-page editor of the Burlington, Vt., *Free Press*, predicted: "There is going to be a severe backlash against the sordid press McCarthyism and intellectual punksterism of those who sought so mindlessly to tear down a great President, a great office and a great nation." The *Dallas Morning News* chided "zealous communicators hot on the trail of Watergate" for ignoring the principle that innocence must be presumed until guilt is proved. The same argument, of course, was often used months ago to knock down press disclosures—until they were borne out by later evidence.

Tortured Rationale. A common theme in the minority report is the admonition to critics of the President to slow down a bit. The Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* describes the nation "as caught in a whirlpool of rumors, innuendoes and unsubstantiated charges that threatens to pull it inexorably to the presently unjustified conclusion that Richard M. Nixon is a politically corrupt liar." Arguing that "in damaging the President, we damage the nation," the *Omaha World-Herald* said: "It will not wash if some element of the press is obliged at a future time to say 'Oops, our source was wrong about the President's involvement.'"

Several lonely voices have constructed a tortured rationale for the campaign skulduggery. Syndicated Columnist Richard Wilson of the *Des Moines Register* claimed that H.R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman and John Mitchell "conceived of themselves as the conservators of the kind of system they believed most Americans wanted. Which was not what Daniel Ellsberg, the Berrigan brothers, Jane Fonda, the black militants, welfare chisels and the campus radicals and George S. McGovern desired. In that mood it was possible to justify means of opposition to the hostile encroachment of hated perceptions which under ordinary circumstances might be avoided." Quarreling with his own paper's critical stance on Watergate, Portland *Oregonian* Publisher Robert C. Notson painted

past antiwar demonstrations as an apocalyptic threat to the country and the President's safety. "This then," Notson wrote, "was the context" for the Watergate bugging.

Depicting the President as an innocent victim of his aides is another theme. "Judging by all the known evidence," Columnist Joseph Alsop said recently, "the President was persistently, flagrantly and arrogantly lied to about this matter, by a whole series of men to whom he had given total confidence." The *El Dorado, Kans., Times* agreed: "We believe that when the matter became public the President was lied to by the yard by men [whom] he trusted, and who went to disgusting lengths to try to make his campaign for re-elect-



"I've heard enough allegations, gossip and hearsay to convince me! Let's go get him."

tion a winning one." In William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Review*, Columnist George F. Will concluded that the Nixon "tough guys poisoned the atmosphere in the White House" with consequences "disastrous for Mr. Nixon, the presidency and the nation."

The *New York Times* Op-Ed page, most of which has been devoted to knocking the President, has made room for some defenses as well. Ex-Nixon Speechwriter William Safire, whose debut as a regular *Times* columnist has suffered from the strain of Watergate, weighed in with a conversation between himself and his mother conducted over Mom's chicken soup. "Mom—if you can't be sure the President didn't know, do you think he should resign?" Her plucky reply: "Absolutely not. He has character, and if he didn't know, he should stay on and try to be the best President we ever had." Dwight Eisenhower's son John, a Nixon in-law, composed a hearts-and-flowers allegory about "the Coach" whose team has

committed errors "out of an excessive loyalty to him and the Institution." As it turns out, the man described was one-time Army Football Coach Earl H. ("Red") Blaik, and his dilemma was the 1951 cheating scandal at West Point that decimated his team. Eisenhower noted that Blaik rebuilt his team and retired with honor. The moral: "Is there any reason to believe that our nation's Coach, Richard Nixon, will do less?"

Peking's Pique

Improving relations between Washington and Peking have given U.S. journalists access to mainland China, and the *New York Times* has been a principal beneficiary of the thaw. Six *Times* men have been granted temporary visas in the past two years; the paper had reason to believe that it would be the first U.S. daily permitted to reopen a permanent bureau in Peking. Last week, however, it suddenly seemed as if the *Times* would have to choose between fulfilling that hope and maintaining control over the political advertising it accepts.

On a number of occasions in the past, diplomats had quietly conveyed Peking's pique over the appearance in the *Times* of ads purchased by anti-Communist Chinese groups. Last week that annoyance became loud and official. As if dealing with a foreign government, Chou Nan, counselor to China's mission to the United Nations, called in Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal to hear a formal statement. In a story published the next day, the *Times* gave an account of the meeting: "He was told by Mr. Chou that he [Chou] had been instructed 'by my government' to say that acceptance of advertisements by the *Times* from 'reactionary' Chinese was an 'unfriendly act,' that it was against the improvement of understanding between the Chinese and American peoples, and that it was not in the best interests of the exchange of news between the two countries."

Not Moved. Rosenthal responded that political advertising is part of a free press and that the *Times* would not change its policy. Chou, the editor observed, "was not moved by the explanation." Does that mean no *Times* bureau in Peking, Rosenthal asked? "Mr. Chou said that he had nothing to add to his formal oral statement, and then smiled and said 'You can draw your own conclusions.'"

One ad that angered the Chinese appeared May 10. Purchased by the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, a group headquartered in Manhattan's Chinatown, it opposed diplomatic ties between Washington and Peking. The *Washington Post* and the *New York Daily News* have run similar ads, but so far have not heard any objections from the mainland. Chou refused to discuss the incident with other newsmen, saying that his conversation with Rosenthal had been "private and off the record."

Spurning the '60s

When Eugene Carson Blake left the helm of the United Presbyterian Church in 1966 to become head of the World Council of Churches, he and his church were in the middle of the principal movements of the decade. His proposal to unite Protestants into a big new church had attracted ten denominations with 25 million members, his prospering Presbyterians had just fashioned an up-to-date creed, and their ample, well-financed bureaucracy was in the forefront of the social crusades of the '60s.

Since then, in a pattern evident in other denominations as well, the liberal designs of U.P.C. officials have run afoul of a growing conservatism among the membership. "Some of the daring pursuits of national church bodies led to rancor in the ranks," wrote Dennis Shoemaker, editor of a U.P.C. education magazine, in the *Christian Century*. Last year the U.P.C. rejected the church union plan, which it had helped to write, and the merger has been postponed indefinitely. A theologically conservative student movement is surfacing at prestigious Princeton Seminary. Last week Blake's successor as Stated Clerk (chief executive), Kansas Lawyer William P. Thompson, grimly told the denomination's General Assembly in Omaha that membership has fallen to 2,917,000—about where it was 18 years ago.

Staff Cuts. The most telling sign of the times is the budget. Presbyterians are giving more money than ever to their local churches, but they sent only \$22.6 million to the national program last year, compared with \$31.2 million in 1967. Some analysts figure that grassroots revulsion over just one action by the national staff, a \$10,000 church grant to Angela Davis' defense fund, cost millions in revenue.

The financial crunch is hitting hard at headquarters. The church is selling off its eleven-story Witherspoon Building in Philadelphia and consolidating its offices in New York City as part of a top-to-bottom reorganization. The national staff, half as big as it was under Blake, is now being slashed in half again. It is the worst of the cutbacks suffered by various liberal Protestant agencies in recent years.

Church bureaucrats have been thrown into a savage game of musical chairs over the jobs that will be left. By year's end, around 200 mid-career professionals and a large number of clerical employees will be on the street. The Rev. Arvo Vaurio, whose own personnel job has been axed, is now doing "outplacement" for his colleagues. The glut of middle-aged clergymen on the market could not have come at a worse time, since slots are scarce in government,

colleges and industry. Vaurio figures that the church will be lucky to place 15 or 20 of the ministers in local congregations. Many of the executives took national jobs in the first place because of their distaste for parish work.

Shoemaker says that liberals are "becoming painfully aware that the great social awakening which began in the '60s simply isn't going to come off." But Illinois Pastor Andrew Tempelman

churchman back with election to a one-year term as Moderator, or honorary head, of his church. Last week Blake appeared on the General Assembly platform, along with four other nominees, to speak and answer questions. When the votes were counted, the winner was the Rev. Clinton Marsh, a little-known synod executive of Omaha. Blake came in last. It was a rejection not so much of the man as of the era he personified.

Tidings

► What do U.S. religious groups believe about abortion? Some surprising figures come from the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research, noted for highly accurate surveys. Expectably, 67% of the Roman Catholics surveyed opposed abortion (either absolutely or in all cases except when the mother's life is in danger). But so did a hefty 59% of the Protestants. Protestants who attend church regularly are more opposed to abortion than those who do not. On the other hand, an overwhelming 82% of Jews approved of a woman's right to have an abortion.

► For some time, the National Council of Churches has been trying to romance the U.S. Catholic Church into joining it. Thus it was startling when the council filed an acerbic statement with the House Ways and Means Committee, arguing against a major Catholic cause—tax credits for parents of nonpublic-school students. The council insisted that Catholics are simply "unwilling" to give funds to keep their schools open, rather than "unable" to do so. "If Roman Catholics are not exerting themselves any more sacrificially than \$30 or \$40 per year per capita to keep their schools going," asked the council statement, "why should the rest of society make up the difference?" The statement aroused such anger among Catholics that the council's two top leaders said they had not authorized it and ordered a revision.

► He sports a mustache and aviator glasses now, and lives in a comfortable adobe house in suburban Albuquerque. On the dining room wall hangs the coat of arms that indicates that James P. Shannon (*TIME* cover, Feb. 23, 1970) used to be a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church. Shannon, 52, was named outstanding graduate of his class and gave the commencement speech when he graduated from the University of New Mexico law school this week. He will join a prominent Albuquerque law firm, where he may handle suits to protect the water rights of the poor in the Southwest. Shannon does not take Communion now because he was automatically excommunicated from the Catholic Church for marrying without Rome's permission, but he and his wife Ruth, a Protestant, attend Mass regularly. Says Shannon: "The Catholic Church is the only home I've ever had or ever will."



NEW MODERATOR CLINTON MARSH

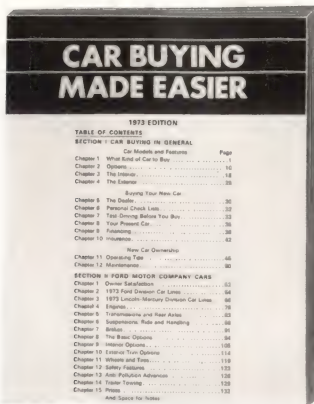


DEFEATED SUPERSUPERCHURCHMAN BLAKE
Musical chairs.

blames the liberals for losing by default. They got fed up and walked out, he believes, leaving churches in the hands of "the bigots, the warmongers, the peace-of-mind crowd and the good honest security seekers."

When Blake retired from the World Council last fall, the U.P.C. was a different denomination from the one he had left. Still, nothing seemed more appropriate than to welcome the super-

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WALL STREET

Cook's Shortest Tour

SECURITIES and Exchange Commission chairmen have ranged from the most vivid personalities (Joseph P. Kennedy, William O. Douglas) to the dullest (Judge Hamer H. Budge), but they all had one thing in common. While in office, none had been touched by scandal—until last week. Then, G Bradford Cook abruptly resigned as SEC

director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, and Maurice Stans, C.R.P.'s chief fund raiser and former Commerce Secretary. Cook claimed that he was innocent of any wrongdoing and until last week insisted that he would "gut it out."

He changed his tune after a 5½-hour grilling by a Senate subcommittee last Monday. During the closed-door session, Cook admitted to Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire that he had held three or four meetings with Mitchell and/or Stans to discuss how the Vesco contribution should be handled in the SEC complaint. There had even been a cozy *tête-à-tête* with Stans at a goose hunt in Eagle Lake, Texas. In previous testimony, Cook had said that there was only one such meeting. Cook emerged clearly distressed, and on Wednesday called a press conference to announce his resignation. Still protesting innocence, he said he had been caught in a "web of circumstance" that had impaired his credibility and thus the SEC's.

Ugly Talk. It certainly has. The chairman's exit was cheered by a large segment of the SEC's professional staff, who feel that Cook's short tour has been a distinctly bad trip for the commission. Some staffers grumble privately that he was less than vigorous in pressing the whole Vesco investigation, which, they claim, reached the courts because of the efforts of two career investigators, Stanley Sporkin and Irving Pollack. There is even speculation in the agency that Cook may have used his inside knowledge of the Vesco contribution to pressure the Administration into naming him, a relatively unknown Midwestern Republican lawyer, as SEC chairman. That ugly talk hardly squares either with Cook's own story that he insisted Vesco must be haled into court, or with Wall Streeters' impression of Cook as a bright, aggressive securities watchdog. But it does indicate how seriously the whole affair has shattered SEC morale.

Of late, the SEC has stumbled in carrying out even some fairly routine functions. Standout case: two weeks ago, the agency filed a complaint charging a company called Prudent Real Estate Trust with fraud and deception. Normal practice in such cases is to issue immediately a release informing the financial press. This time the release went out 24 hours later—and during that period, some 2,500 shares of Prudent stock, or more than ten times an average day's turnover, were sold on the American Stock Exchange. The strong suspicion is that insiders who knew of

the complaint dumped their shares in time. The delay, says one staffer, occurred because SEC people were too preoccupied with the scandal to pay attention to their jobs. He adds: "The system has just broken down."

How soon it can be put back together is anyone's guess. At week's end indications were that the SEC chairman's seat will be empty for some time. Meanwhile, everyday tasks will proceed under the direction of Acting Chairman Hugh F. Owens, but there will be no decisions on major pending policy questions. These include the level of brokerage commissions, attempts to link the nation's stock exchanges into a centralized market system and—ironically—a Cook plan to clarify the rules on insider trading.

MONEY

Testing the Float

Unable to agree quickly on any other way to soothe gyrating exchange markets, the world's money men last March stumbled grudgingly into a different kind of international monetary system. In it, most major



SEC CHIEF ANNOUNCING RESIGNATION
Shot down by a goose hunt.

head after only 74 days in the job, thus becoming another victim of the spreading Watergate-related revelations. Eleven short weeks ago, Cook seemed likely to make his mark as the youngest SEC chief ever (he is 36), and one who would carry out the far-reaching stock-market reforms begun by his predecessor, William J. Casey; instead, he will have only the unhappy distinction of the shortest chairmanship in the SEC's 39-year history. His departure leaves a shaken agency that will have difficulty carrying out its role of guiding and policing the nation's financial markets.

What brought Cook's tenure to an ignominious end was his involvement in the SEC's investigation of Financier Robert Vesco, whom the agency accuses of looting securities from the I.O.S. mutual-fund empire started by Bernard Cornfeld. For weeks, rumors circulated that Cook, as the commission's general counsel, had deleted from an SEC complaint any mention of Vesco's \$200,000 cash contribution to President Nixon's re-election campaign. Supposedly, Cook did that at the urging of former Attorney General John Mitchell, then



currencies are "floating"—that is, selling not at rates fixed in U.S. dollars but at prices set by supply and demand.* Last week that makeshift system was put to its first serious test, and it performed adequately. What could have become a first-class crisis was defused without anybody having to do anything in particular.

The non-crisis began with a run on gold. The flurry was fueled by rumors of a West German mark revaluation and fears that the Watergate uproar had left the U.S. with a paralyzed Government unable to stabilize the inflation-weakened value of the dollar. Within two days after bullion markets opened, the price of gold shot from about \$96 per oz. to about \$109 in Zurich, \$110 in London and an astonishing \$124 in Paris. The rise was accompanied by a decline in the price of the dollar. For example, the greenback dropped about 2¢ against the British pound, which rose to \$2.57.

Rich Quick. But then a measure of calm returned. Gold eased back and closed the week at around \$105 per oz., and the dollar regained some of its strength against other currencies. Some financial experts saw the outcome as the result of normal profit taking by instantly rich gold speculators, and of a spreading belief that after two devaluations since late 1971, the dollar is actually undervalued. Other money men, however, thought that the floating system had worked exactly as it was supposed to. The price of other currencies rose to the point at which buying back dollars looked attractive to speculators—and this happened without the usual panoply of emergency huddles among finance ministers and frenzied attempts by central banks to buy up dollars in order to prop their price.

There is no guarantee that the peace will persist. At week's end, the dollar declined slightly again, and a new gold rush could start at any time. Industrial demand for the metal is rising faster than supply. Existing stocks are so small—according to one estimate, the entire trading supply would fit nicely on the stage of Radio City Music Hall—that speculators can drive the price up or down almost at will. And there is always the danger that in the ensuing monetary turmoil, some government will conclude that its currency is floating to an unrealistically high or low level and allow its central bank to intervene to try to fix the price. In that case, the whole jerry-built system could come apart, and deliberate crafting of a new international monetary system designed to be permanent would become a more urgent world priority than ever. For the moment, though, currency values have proved able to float relatively smoothly on stormy seas.

*Among them: the British pound, Italian lira and Japanese yen, which float independently, and the German mark, Dutch guilder and French and Belgian francs, which are supposed to rise and fall in unison against the dollar.

OIL

Libya's 100-Percenter

In oil reserves and volume of production, the North African nation of Libya ranks decidedly behind such major Middle Eastern producers as Iran, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. But in ability to send shock waves through the world petroleum industry, Libya stands second to none. Libyans have already helped lead the ten other members of OPEC, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, in doubling per-barrel prices over the past three years. In the past two years, Libya's President, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, has nationalized British Petroleum's operations and negotiated a 50% share in Italian oil holdings; earlier this year, he asked for the same 50% stake in an American-dominated oil group. Last week Gaddafi shocked Western oilmen with his biggest demand yet: "100% control" of three mostly American operations that together pump more than two-thirds of Libya's oil (see THE WORLD).

The targets are Oasis Oil Co., which is owned by Continental Oil, Marathon Oil, Amerada, Hess and Royal Dutch/Shell; American Overseas Petroleum Ltd., owned by Texaco and Standard of California; and Occidental Petroleum. Negotiations between Oasis and the Libyans over the 50% demand had been proceeding fitfully for months until last week. Then Gaddafi called a Tripoli press conference and produced a couple of Israeli grapefruit that he said had been confiscated by Libyan workers at a pipeline terminal run by Oasis, the largest foreign producer. He accused Oasis of allowing Israeli spies to operate in Libya disguised as oil workers. Gaddafi gave the companies

less than a week to submit plans for allowing a 100% takeover of their pumping operations. He added, vaguely but ominously: "No doubt the day will come when oil will be used as a weapon by the Arabs in self-defense."

U.S.-based executives of the threatened companies maintained sphinxlike silence about the demand, but other oilmen in Tripoli believe that the firms did submit vaguely worded takeover proposals before the deadline. Nervous Americans, faced with the peculiar task of proposing terms for their own buy-out, complained privately that they did not know exactly what Gaddafi meant by "100% control." At minimum, Gaddafi might settle for part ownership of their assets and the appointment of Libyan nationals as chief executives. At the extreme, he will push for complete nationalization.

Short-Handed. A possible middle course would allow the government to own all the oil equipment and hire Western companies to operate it, an arrangement worked out between Iran and its foreign oil firms after the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. was nationalized. One U.S. oilman terms such deals, which would allow U.S. companies to continue turning a profit in the Middle East, "the wave of the future," and Gaddafi probably will want foreign oil workers to remain on his soil, since Libya is short of native technical and managerial talent. Yet, if the oil companies propose terms that Gaddafi finds unacceptable—and they are likely to demand compensation exceeding the roughly \$1 billion book value of their Libyan assets—Gaddafi has threatened to close down production entirely.

Why did Gaddafi escalate his takeover demand from 50% to 100%? Certainly not for immediate monetary

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gain. Libya has amassed some 53 billion in foreign reserves from oil sales—four times what it spends on imports in a year—and new revenue is coming in about twice as fast as the government can disburse it. Rather, the move may be a direct slap at the U.S.: Gaddafi has grown increasingly bitter against the Nixon Administration for its support of Israel. In addition, Gaddafi insists on a nation's right to control its own oil, and he is probably determined to remain out in front of the other producing countries in securing that right from Western oil firms. If other OPEC members imitate his takeover demands, world petroleum prices could spurt upward even faster. And the value of Libya's oil reserves, which Gaddafi has lately been trying to conserve by limiting production to about 60% of 1970's 3,700,000 bbl. a day, will increase accordingly.

The report estimates that corn production will hit 6 billion bushels, up 10% from last year, soybean crops will yield 1.55 billion bushels, up 20%, and wheat will come in at 1.7 billion bushels, up 12%.

In the case of soybeans and wheat, the Administration's hopes seem well founded. Realistically assuming soybean plantings of 54 million acres, a modest yield of 27.3 bu. an acre would produce a bounteous crop; good weather could raise this yield to 30 or more bushels and cut the price of beans by as much as 50%. Wheat is headed for a bumper crop of up to 300 million bushels more than last year. There is a good chance that wheat prices will dip this year—unless the Russians come into the market again and bid prices up. Other produce, including tomatoes, sweet corn and green beans, should

—HOWARD DEFFO



IOWA FARMER INSPECTING CORN CROP DAMAGED BY HEAVY SPRING RAINS

AGRICULTURE

Harvest of Worry

For months, across much of the nation's farm belt, crops and livestock have been savaged by freezing weather, ice storms and incessant rain. Record floods turned vast stretches of rich loam into great bogs of mud, delaying or barring altogether the planting of spring crops. The weather has at last turned bright, and farmers are racing to make up for lost time. But opinions now differ as to whether enough corn and other crops will be produced this year to boost supplies and hold down soaring food prices.

The Nixon Administration, which has sought to raise output this year by rejiggering its agricultural policies, remains optimistic. Last week the Department of Agriculture issued an interim progress report. Its main point: there is still time to get enough seed into the ground to ensure big harvests

also be good, and citrus fruits are abundant.

The outlook for other yields is far less rosy. Cold weather and rain have destroyed much of Georgia's peach crop, and the prospects for rice and Midwestern apples are glum. Last week Farmer Morris Moeckly looked over his rain-swamped land near Polk City, Iowa, and wryly wondered if his biggest crop this year might be fish. About 60 of his 450 acres are still under water, and Moeckly noted, "It will be much too late to plant corn in there now."

Indeed corn, used mainly to fatten animals, is the most threatened feed crop of all. The Government had hoped that 74 million acres of corn would be planted nationally this year, but farmers in most Midwestern states are well behind that schedule. In Iowa, the nation's biggest corn state, deep mud had by last week held plantings to 18% of the total potential acreage, v. 30% at this time last year. Even if the farm-

ers do hit the Government target on acreage, it is doubtful that they will get a big enough crop to fulfill Administration estimates. Seeds put in the ground late tend to give thinner yields, and about 30% of the corn this year will have been sown after the optimum planting period, which ends, depending on the region, between May 1 and May 20.

Corn shortages would kick up the cost of cattle feed and all but rule out a decline in beef prices in the foreseeable future. Though demand for beef continues to grow, about 3% fewer cattle are now going to market than at this time last year. One reason is that spring cold and storms decimated some herds; a blizzard last month in Iowa wiped out 90,000 head. In addition, cold, wet weather slowed the fattening of many steers, who used up calories just to keep warm. This, too, has hurt, because many ranchers and feed-lot operators are now holding back the cattle until they put on more weight. But unless feed prices come down later this year, the expense of keeping cattle will be high, and steers may well be sold before they are fully fattened, thus reducing the meat supply and driving prices up even higher.

In all, this year's crops, especially corn, will be large enough to pull down food prices only if farmers enjoy ideal rain and sunshine, no sudden frosts, an ample supply of fuel and fertilizer and an absence of blight. Such an unbroken string of happy circumstances is as rare in agriculture as eight passes in a row are at the crap table.

RAILROADS

The Big Back-Up

John Troyer, owner of a grain elevator in southern Illinois, is slowly going broke. Every day, interest on the \$550,000 loan he took out last November to purchase 300,000 bu. of corn is mounting, eating away at his 4½%-per-bu. margin of profit. The grain has already been sold, but Troyer will not be paid until it is delivered—and there is no way to get it delivered. Railroads have promised him 87 covered hopper cars to ship the corn, but the cars have not shown up.

Troyer is only one of thousands of farmers and elevator owners caught in the great rail tie-up of 1973. In Illinois alone, the state's agriculture department estimates, farmers have had 300 million bushels of last year's grain harvest ready for shipment for months, but cannot move it to market. There is a demand for some 12,000 grain rail cars, but only 5,000 are currently available.

In desperation, some elevator owners, like Troyer, have been forced to ship grain by truck, though that method is so expensive that it eliminates all chance of making a profit on their investments. Ultimately, says Robert J.



SOVIET-BOUND WHEAT BEING LOADED INTO RUSSIAN FREIGHTER AT DULUTH
Long on grain, short on hoppers, and harassed by Mother Nature.

Wilson, the state's director of agriculture, the rail shortage will be translated into another assault on housewives' food budgets: "We've got a surplus of old-crop grain on the farm, but a shortage in the market. This drives up grain prices, which has a direct bearing on livestock feed-lot operators and eventually on consumers." Other commodities are being similarly afflicted; for instance, skyrocketing lumber prices have been blamed partly on a heavy demand for railroad flatcars to haul wood from mill to housing sites.

The congestion began late last summer, after the U.S. agreed to sell Russia 733 million bushels of grain, putting an unexpected strain on railroad facilities. The situation worsened when delays in transferring the grain from railroad cars onto ocean carriers held up Russian shipments until November—just in time to coincide with one of the biggest grain harvests in U.S. history and an unprecedented demand by European countries for American produce. The big surge of new orders further clogged U.S. harbors with ships, delaying unloading of grain-laden hopper cars even more. Then Mother Nature stepped in, sending the Mississippi over its banks and disrupting rail operations throughout the Midwest.

Even without this spring's peculiar catastrophes, there might still have been a rail capacity crisis. Simply put, the roots of the big back-up are a shortage of railroad grain cars and the inefficient methods by which those already in service are operated. The railroads are trying to remedy the first problem by ordering record numbers of grain cars. Such firms as Pullman Inc. are operating at full capacity for the first time in years, but it will be months before they can catch up with the demand.

Only time will tell what the railroads can do to cut through the maze of Gov-

ernment and union rules (for example, laws that prohibit rail crews from working more than twelve hours a day even with overtime) that prevent the most efficient use of cars. A consortium of railroads, union leaders, elevator operators and farm economists who met at the Grain Movement '73 Conference in Chicago last week placed most of the blame for the jam on the Federal Government for overloading the rails with the Russian grain. They think new laws are needed to modernize and better coordinate the interlocking parts of the transportation system. But the remedies, even if adopted, will come far too late to unspool the present tie-up.

LABOR

Donors for Suits

At a recent news conference, Conservative Television Commentator William F. Buckley Jr. sonorously explained why he had successfully sued his union, AFTRA, for the right to appear on television even though he chose to quit the labor group. "Paying dues," he asserted, "is a barrier to free speech." Buckley's case is the star attraction in a growing string of similar lawsuits against unions brought by their own members—with legal and financial help from the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which is supported by corporate as well as individual donations. Labor leaders view the foundation's actions as an illegal sally by companies into old-fashioned union busting, and earlier this month ten major unions went to court to stop it.

The unions, which include the auto workers, machinists, farm workers and teachers, charge that the foundation is violating the Landrum-Griffin Act. That law explicitly forbids an employer

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

to finance any of his employees in a suit against their own union. Foundation officials contend that their efforts are legal because donor corporations contribute to a common fund and have no choice in deciding which suits get legal aid; thus, they say, no company is instigating suits by its own employees. Foundation President Reed Larson nevertheless refuses to disclose the names of the corporate contributors, although in effect the ten-union suit demands that he do so. If he did, says Larson, the unions would "try to intimidate these people to stop giving."

Though the foundation does not seek out cases, news of its activities is spreading, and it has more requests for legal aid than it can handle. At present its five full-time lawyers are assisting in 50 suits against unions by union members. Many are seeking the right to hold jobs without maintaining good standing in a union, even if a contract with management makes union membership compulsory. The foundation is also aiding a group of auto workers who are suing their union for the right to inspect financial records to see if their dues went to radical groups, including SNCC or SDS. In its biggest court victory, the foundation helped win a \$342,000 award from the Communications Workers Union for Dale Richardson, a former employee of Western Electric in Omaha. Richardson claimed that he was fired at the union's behest after he asked to see who paid the bill for the local president's wife when she accompanied her husband on a business trip to New Orleans.

The foundation was started in 1968, coincidental with the beginning of the Nixon Administration. A tax-exempt offshoot of the National Right to Work Committee, which specializes in lobbying against compulsory unionism, the foundation has obviously been gaining great favor among well-heeled individuals and corporations. Its income from donations, which came to only \$204,000 in 1969, will swell in 1973 to an estimated \$2,000,000.

ADVERTISING

The Cause Agency

Its annual budget could not pay the expense accounts of a Madison Avenue agency, and its roster of clients is more in the category of "Who's That?" than *Who's Who*. Yet Public Interest Communications, a nine-month-old, non-profit San Francisco ad agency, is making a satisfyingly unconventional splash in the business of mass persuasion. PIC has successfully put well-tested formulas for selling deodorants and detergents behind a wide range of controversial or overlooked causes that range from supporting drug-treatment centers in residential neighborhoods to saving whales from extinction.

Unlike traditional cause promo-

Cool a Cordial.



Caribe Mint Freeze

1 oz. Hiram Walker
Green Creme de Menthe.
4 oz. orange sherbet.
Whirl in blender, serve
in on-the-rocks glass.
Garnish with a small
scoop of sherbet on top.
Serve with two
short straws.



Grasshopper

1 oz. Hiram Walker
Green Creme de Menthe.
1 oz. Hiram Walker
White Creme de Cacao.
1 oz. fresh cream.
Shake well with ice
and strain into
cocktail glass.
Dust with nutmeg.



Creme de Menthe Frappé

Pack crushed ice in an
old fashioned glass.
Pour Hiram Walker
Green Creme de Menthe
over ice to fill
glass, serve with
two small straws.



Hiram Walker makes 28 cordial flavors which you can multiply into a thousand delicious, different drinks. For recipes, write to Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 3382, Detroit, Michigan 48214.


To hold you over in the meantime, try the recipes

above. Then sit back and see why more people buy Hiram Walker Cordials than any other brand. Creme de Menthe, 60 proof; Creme de Cacao, 54 proof.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker Cordials

A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE



A man in a dark jacket and cap sits in a boat, holding a fishing rod. Another man, wearing a red jacket and a cap, leans over the side of the boat, pointing his finger towards the horizon. The background shows a sunset over the ocean with a bright orange sun low on the horizon.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.



Menthol or Regular

tions, which are often earnestly dull, signature-crammed exhortations in pamphlets, PIC ads use sprightly graphics and tough, well-turned copy. And the ads are typically placed in mass-circulation dailies and on radio stations. The agency, devoted exclusively to public service ads, gets its total annual revenue of \$103,000 in the form of individual donations and grants from such liberal-inclined institutions as the Washington-based Stern Family Fund, the Kaplan Fund in Manhattan, and the San Francisco Foundation.

The agency's president, King Harris, 60, a veteran adman formerly with the Campbell-Ewald Co., and PIC's creative director, Dugald Stermer, 36, a freelance artist, work without pay. The highest weekly salary paid to the full-time staff of three is \$150. PIC researches, creates and places its ads (for nothing, charging only for material and the cost of printing or broadcasting. It often gets help from other admen, who donate their services without cost.

Whale Hunting. PIC's most successful campaign was done in conjunction with Maxwell Arnold, chief of a San Francisco agency. For \$500 Arnold produced a newspaper ad to raise funds for a North Vietnamese hospital that was hit by U.S. bombers just before Christmas. The ad, headlined *OUR PRESIDENT WAS ANGRY. SO BACH MAI HOSPITAL IN HANOI WAS DESTROYED*, drew \$500,000 in donations. Another PIC ad, for Prison Media Project, a group seeking better job training for inmates, shows a convict at work under the headline: *I MAKE AMERICAN FLAGS FOR 35¢ A DAY*. PIC has also created promotions for the Lawyers Guild, which wants to reform grand juries, and Project Jonah, an organization that is trying to stop whale hunting.

PIC now hopes to expand its audience by getting the Advertising Council, which serves as a conduit for public service ads on major broadcast networks, to accept some of its promotions for placement. Despite low salaries, PIC staffers remain enthusiastic about their work. Says Stermer: "It beats hell out of selling soap."

MERCHANDISING

Rescuing the Automat

"Horn & Hardart is a bit of Americana. isn't it? I suppose anyone who ever visited New York City wanted to go to Horn & Hardart to put nickels, dimes and more lately quarters in the Automat windows."

—Horn & Hardart President Frederick H. Guterman

Nostalgia, however, is hardly the recipe for a successful business—as no one knows better than Guterman. A year ago, he was hired to rescue the chain of 32 New York-area restaurants from a deep slump that caused it to lose \$15 million in 1971 and 1972. Guterman, 52, has no background in the food business; he spent 13 years at ITT as an executive in the aerospace, electro-optical and industrial-products divisions. But he is an expert in the hard sell who quickly realized that the company's 21 barnlike Automats and cafeterias were out of step with the times (the first was opened in 1904) and had often become a refuge for derelicts seeking a cheap, hot meal and oldsters wanting to drowse away an afternoon over coffee, cake and the newspaper. Guterman has jazzed up the operation with everything from rock concerts to waitresses on roller skates, and his approach so far has worked. The company, whose annual sales in 1972 totaled \$16.9 million, last week reported a first-quarter operating profit of \$73,970, its first black-ink figure in five years.

Guterman's main attempt so far has been to create a circus atmosphere. At lunch in Horn & Hardart's branch at Eighth Avenue and 58th Street in Manhattan, customers stand three deep to eat at a new "Burger in the Park" counter, complete with plastic-flower-lined paths, AstroTurf and cut-out clouds. At other outlets, rock concerts draw young late-night customers despite fear of muggings. A double-decker Horn & Hardart bus tours Manhattan free, stopping at such favorite tourist spots as the U.N. and the Empire State Building—as

well as at 17 Horn & Hardart. Meanwhile, Guterman has not neglected his older customers. At a Lexington Avenue branch, senior citizens can enjoy a five-course meal for only \$1.25, topped off with an hour of bingo or Parcheesi. At the Broadway and 46th Street Automat, an aging ex-vaudevilian named Edna Thayer belts out tunes like *Don't Dunk a Doughnut Unless You Know How to Dunk*.

Eagle Eye. The show-biz tricks are buying time for a more fundamental reorganization. Guterman has cut costs by keeping an eagle eye on such things as how many ounces of peas or slices of beef a cafeteria counterperson doles out, though he has continued the company's policy of having its executives sample the food regularly to maintain quality. More important, he is using the company's real estate holdings—appraised at \$15 million—for diversification. Horn & Hardart recently sold a block-sized commissary for \$4,000,000 and used the money to help buy Hanover House Industries, a \$17 million-a-year mail-order business. Guterman also is talking joint hotel-restaurant ventures with a big motel builder. The vaudeville aura seems to have carried him away, however; he has approached Soviet authorities with the idea of opening an Automat in Moscow. "Can you imagine the excitement that would provoke?" he beams. Especially, no doubt, with dancing bears and a borch har.

EATING AT HORN & HARDART (1904)



WAITRESS MAKING HER ROUNDS ON ROLLER SKATES



COMPOSER DAVID AMRAM LEADING A JAZZ-ROCK CONCERT



Schlock Rock's Godzilla

BY any musical standard, the Alice Cooper rock group is more shouting than something to shout about. Yet the teeny-boppers cannot seem to get enough these days of Alice Cooper (the name of both the leader and the group). The group's current twelve-week U.S. tour will probably gross more than \$4.5 million before it winds up next weekend in New York's Madison Square Garden. Alice Cooper LPs like *Killer*, *Love It To Death* and *School's Out* have each sold more than \$1,000,000 worth of copies. The most recent, *Billion Dollar Babies*, is already a \$2,000,000 baby after only four months. Leading department stores round the nation are now stocking the Alice Cooper line of unisex cosmetics: Alice's Whiplash mascara will soon be followed by perfume, rouge, deodorant and "Take a Bath with Alice" bubble bath.

Alice Cooper is Vincent Furnier, actually a fairly square preacher's son who delights in home cooking and wearing Levi's, but onstage as Alice he is the king, queen, unicorn and Godzilla of schlock rock. His show is a grotesquerie of sick sex, gory violence and ear-splitting cacophony. Last week at the San Diego Sports Arena and the week be-

fore at the Los Angeles Forum the scene was the same. The lights dimmed, and the crowd (size: 12,000 to 22,000; age: 15 to 25) was allowed to roar for a full five minutes before Alice appeared in a Mephistophelean puff of smoke. What followed was certified proof of the Alice Cooper boast: "What we do is make sure that if some kid pays \$6 to see a show, he's not just going to see some guy playing a guitar. He is going to see something he'll never forget."

Few ever do. When the smoke cleared away, there was Alice in tattered long johns and thigh-high leopard-

of the evening: an execution. After slaughtering a dozen or so mannequins and being overcome in a fake fistfight, Alice stepped forward to pay for his crimes. Out rolled a guillotine, and Alice's ugly little head was ceremoniously placed to the block. The snare drum rolled, the audience hushed, down came the blade and Alice's head seemed to drop away.

Alice then rose from the dead, naked exposed, in black sequined trousers, white tail coat and black top hat. He threw Alice Cooper posters to the audience and kissed a pretty girl in the front row. As a special treat for the Los Angeles fans, Alice escorted Richard M. Dixon—a Nixon look-alike—to a point at stage center where he could be pummeled by the members of the band.

Neither an especially gifted singer nor a talented actor, Alice Cooper none-



pattern boots. Black mascara, applied generously for a skull-like effect, ringed Alice's eyes. His long, stringy black hair looked like a mop that had been left out overnight to dry. The four other members of the band wore white satin. Behind the group, tucked away in dark corners of the 8½-ton portable stage or in the wings, was a staggering \$150,000 array of props—including an operating table, a 9½-ft. mummy with light-up eyes, assorted swords and switchblades.

As blinding strobe lights flashed, Alice strutted around the stage like Tiny Tim impersonating the Marquis de Sade. He stabbed a life-sized doll; that drew a loud roar of approval. Then Alice allowed his pet boa constrictor to slither down his body and protrude its head between his legs. More roars.

As the master of Now Grand Guinol, Alice finally came to the climax

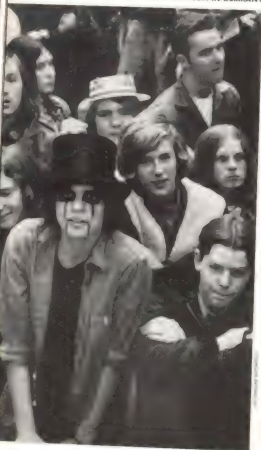
theless has become the darling of the pubescent set by such gruesome antics. His show represents an updated version of Saturday afternoon at the horror movies. Says Alice: "All we do is project fantasies. I don't preach. The only message is 'here I am and what are you going to do about me?' I'm sort of a spit in the face."

Alice likes to describe himself as the end product of an affluent society overfed on the sex and violence of television. "Society has created this Frankenstein, this Alice Cooper," he says. Actually, he is the ultimate put-on, a shock. He comes from a background that is more like a wholesome Andy Hardy movie than something out of Frankenstein.

Alice was raised in sunny Phoenix.

Alice Cooper gets it in the neck.

FANS AT ALICE COOPER CONCERT IN GERMANY









ALICE COOPER RELAXING IN MOTEL ROOM AFTER CONCERT IN TULSA, OKLA.
When everyone else dressed up, he dressed down.

the son and grandson of ordained ministers. Since their fundamentalist sect does not allow its ministers to receive salaries, Father Ether Furnier earns his living as an engineer for Goodyear Aerospace Corp. Though the Furniers are obviously proud of their son and his success, Ether admits: "It is quite a shock when you expect to sire a gospel missionary and instead you get a rebel rock star."

The Furniers had warnings early on. Even though Vince was not especially musical (he still plays only the harmonica), he would dress up to imitate Elvis Presley or Ricky Nelson. Later, as a sophomore at Cortez High, he organized his first band, the Earwigs. "It wasn't a band, it was a joke," says his older sister Nickie. He also wrote sports and feature stories for the school paper under the ironic pseudonym Muscles McNasal—Muscles because he was so skinny, McNasal because of a misshapen nose. It seems that Vince bravely concluded a marathon run, then went home and fainted, nose first.

Out Front. "He was not a common student," says Vince's former track coach and journalism instructor, Emmett Smith. "When I think of Vince, the first picture that comes to my mind is of him lying on top of the cabinets thinking up stories for the paper." The cabinets were in the school's pressroom; they were seven feet high with only a two-foot space between the top and ceiling. Vince regularly wrote all his copy lying up there. The stories were good and on time. Smith says that Vince was "very, very creative; a fine writer."

Sister Nickie recalls that Vince's main concern in life was to be different. When all the other kids were wearing jeans and T-shirts to school, he sport-

ed a jacket and tie. "Pretty soon everybody else started dressing up, and when that happened, he started dressing down," she says. "With a personality like that, you had to know he was going to do something to get himself out in front."

Little did Nickie know that Vince would soon be fronting a gaggle of presumably straight males operating as a Los Angeles rock group with a transvestite look. At that point, Alice Cooper seemed more appropriate than Nazz or Spiders, names the group had worked under previously. The group was so weird that it naturally came to the attention of that master zapper of the Establishment Frank Zappa, who released Alice's first LP (*Pretties for You*) on his own Straight label. It was not until Shep Gordon, their current manager, saw them and took them on that the Alice Cooper phenomenon began to happen. "When I saw 2,000 people walk out on them," says Gordon, "I knew I had to manage them. They exhibited the strongest negative force I'd ever seen."

Alice has recently taken possession of a four-bedroom desert sprawl of a house in the Paradise Valley section of Phoenix, just beneath the Camelback Mountain residence of Senator Barry Goldwater. The Senator is safe. Alice has no immediate plans to return to the West. Home at the moment is a Manhattan penthouse that is, by his own description, "elegantly decadent." Until recently he lived in a 40-room mansion in Greenwich, Conn., complete with a male effigy hanging by the neck in the living room, wall-to-wall mirrors in the bathrooms, swastikas posted on the bedroom walls. The band still lives there. Alice's friends and colleagues describe him as a straight heterosexual (so does Alice), and he has been seen with the same girl, Cindy Long, for five years.

His next ambition, says Alice, is to make a movie. "I want to write it, produce it, everything," he says. "It will be the ultimate decadent movie. It would have to be."

Melody for Melissa

"For Milly, I decided to make a fuss," said Choreographer George Balanchine. "Milly" is Melissa Hayden, 50, retiring after 22 years as a principal dancer with the New York City Ballet. The fuss that "Mr. B." had in mind was a new ballet for Melissa—and it was a triumph. *Cortège Hongrois* (roughly, "Hungarian Procession"), which was given its world premiere by the City Ballet last week, is one of the most eye-dazzling Balanchine works in years.

Based on Glazunov's melodious score for *Raymonda*, *Cortège* is an elegant, plotless exercise in classic Marin-sky style that would have delighted an audience of imperial grand dukes. One corps was dressed in shimmering white tights, tunics and tutus; another corps was costumed and booted in a fairytale fantasy of Hungarian peasant dress. The two units alternated onstage. For the first group, Balanchine designed yet another of his endlessly inventive Petipa-styled variations. The other corps, as mock Magyars, stomped and whirled through a rousing czardas that looked as if it might have been borrowed from Russia's bouncy, folksy Moiseyev dancers. Hayden, naturally, was given a brace of queenly solo turns and a pas de deux with Favorite Partner Jacques d'Amboise calculated to accent her unobtrusively cool, legato manner.

Cortège is undeniably a period piece, as relevant as the Romanovs. Nonetheless, it deserves to remain in the company's repertory—not just as a memorial to a durable star but as a striking example of Balanchine's inexhaustible gift for making a classical art form seem ever new.

• John T. Elson

HAYDEN & D'AMBOISE



Alice picks teeth with switchblade, finds a mummy chummy, communes with pet boa constrictor. Right: Alice in new spring outfit—form-fitting long Johns with bloodstains and peekaboo tatters, leopard boots with platforms.

A rational alternative

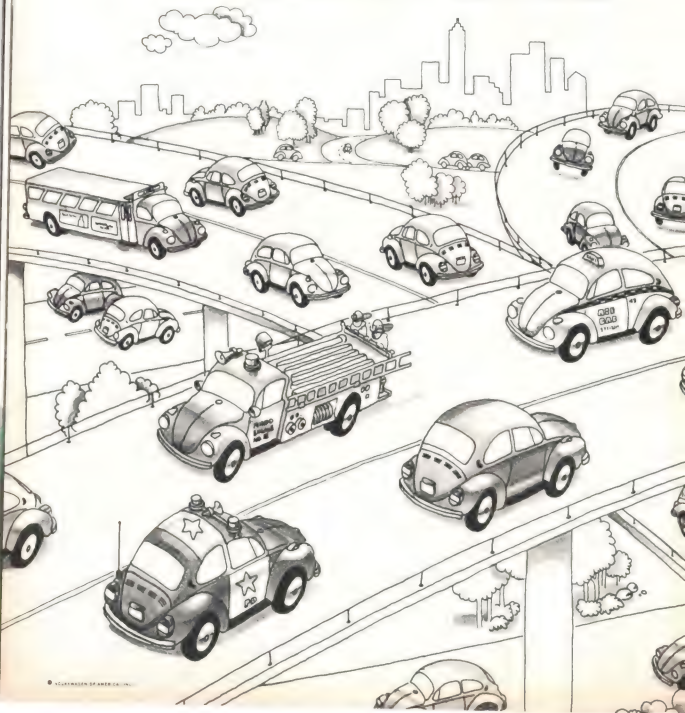
What's right with this picture? Well if it were true, we'd be saving 28 billion, 560 million gallons of gas every year.

How did we arrive at that figure? Since we're a nation of national averages, we know the average car uses about 735 gallons of gas a year. The Beetle, 399*. Turn the eighty-five million average cars

on the road right now into Beetles, and it works out to a saving of 28,560,000,000 (give or take a few gallons).

Now we haven't figured out all the water and antifreeze that would be saved with the Beetle's air-cooled engine.

Nor can we compute the extra parking space that would be around.



to rationing gas.

Not to mention all the money people would be able to save in a world of Volkswagens.

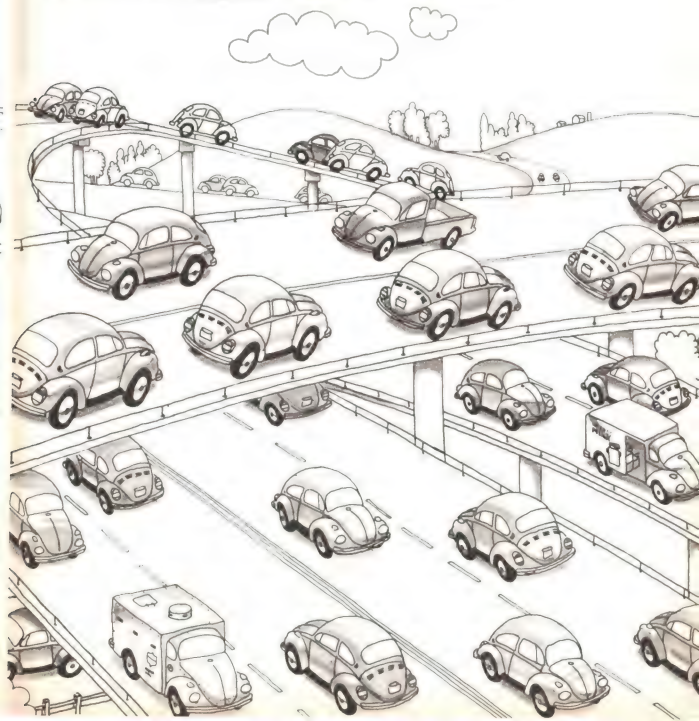
But we know for sure that this is no pipe dream. There already are police car Beetles up in Ossining. And a custom built, chauffeur-driven Bug in L. A. And Volkswagen taxis all over Honduras. And a

Beetle that herds cattle in Missouri.

So with gas prices going up and rationing becoming a reality, the Beetle never looked so good. In fact, you might almost call it beautiful.



Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.





GAMBLING IN TUNBRIDGE, VT.



STRIPPER IN MIDWAY SHOW



DART CONCESSION IN FRANKLIN, MASS.

BEHAVIOR

The Carnie and the Mark

With their loud and gaudy midways, their sad freak shows and crooked games, America's traveling carnivals have spawned a rich catalogue of literature. Now, following a familiar chronology, behavioral scientists have moved in to analyze what journalists and other lay observers have long sensed. Carnivals, say the sociologists and psychologists, offer a valid test for theories about the organization of subcultures. Nightmare Alley has an orderly social system, with its own lingo, hierarchy and behavior patterns.

That system is described in the current *Journal of Popular Culture*, an issue devoted chiefly to U.S. circuses, carnivals and fairs, and intended "to in-

troduce the carnival to the social scientist." Three of the contributors have ties to the carnival or circus worlds: Sociologist Marcello Truzzi of New College in Sarasota, Fla., whose father was the juggler Massimiliano Truzzi; Sociologist Patrick Easto of Eastern Michigan University, whose mother was a carnival stripper; and Social Psychologist Theodore Dembski of Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, who was born into a carnival family and takes a job as a carnival worker, or "carnie," every summer. They contend that the carnival is an ideal place to study what Sociologist Erving Goffman (*TIME*, Jan. 10, 1969) calls the total institution—a self-contained organization or society that raises barriers against the outside world.

There are many such barriers be-

tween the 85 million Americans who visit carnivals every year and the thousands of men and women who work in them. One is the carnie's feeling that society looks down upon him; even circus workers feel superior, Truzzi says, because the circus is really an extension of the theater, while carnivals spring from street fairs and gambling.

A second barrier is language. Carnies use hundreds of special terms (see box) that help give them a feeling of group solidarity. Frequently they mix these with a special language called Carnie, or Z-Latin, which follows—and sometimes ignores—a complex set of rules for disguising the meaning of ordinary English. The word sucker, for instance, may be translated "see-a-zuk kee-a-zer," or simply "see-a-zuker," while *carnival* becomes "kee-a-zar nee-a-zuh vee-a-zul."

At the top of the carnival caste system are the owner and such adminis-

A Primer of American Carnival Talk

CARNIES (or carnival workers) like to keep their distance from marks (customers, suckers and other non-carnies). One way of remaining aloof is to use an argot that is baffling to outsiders. A sampling of carnie terms:

CHILLING THE MARK. Getting rid of a customer who seems likely to *take the heat and beef*—become angry and complain that he has been cheated.

COOLING THE MARK OUT. Mollifying a mark who has lost heavily in a rigged game by *throwing him a cop*—letting him win a consolation prize.

CUTTING UP JACKPOTS. Chatting or talking informally.

DOONICKER. Toilet. Also, an undesirable location for a concession.

FIRST-OF-MAY. An outsider who works in the carnival world for a short time. Most regulars are born into carnival life.

FLAT STORE. A gambling concession or con game. Example: the skilo, a rigged game in which the mark spins an arrow hoping it will stop at a winning color.

40-MILER. A small carnival that seldom travels more than 40 miles from its home base—in contrast to big carnivals that may range the country.

GAFFED. Describes a game that is rigged against the mark.

GRAB JOINT. Concession serving hot dogs and hamburgers.

HANKY PANK. Legitimate game of skill or chance. Example: dart throwing.

MITT CAMP. A concession where fortunes are told.

PATCH. A "legal adjuster" on the carnival staff who settles disputes between carnies and marks and often bribes local sheriffs or other officials when they allege fraud—thus patching things up so that the carnival can operate.

PRIVILEGE. Rent paid by each concessionaire to a carnival owner in exchange for space on his midway.

PUNK RIDES. Miniature-train rides, boats and other amusements intended mostly for small children.

SLUM. Cheap merchandise given as prizes in hanky panks. Example: a *piece of plush*, or stuffed animal.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SHOW. A clean carnival: no gaffed concessions, no girly shows.

TEN-IN-ONE. Freak show.

Merrill Lynch handpicks 10 stocks for people who want to give inflation a punch in the nose.

We've picked these 10 stocks because we think any of them could easily give you a total return of nine percent within the next 12 months. Here's why:

- Each is currently yielding at least five percent or more.
- Dividends paid by these companies have increased by 10 percent to 98 percent in the past 10 years. And we expect them to keep rising.
- We believe the earnings of each company will show a good gain in 1973. Which sets the stage for growth in your capital.
- We think these stocks are worth a lot more than they're selling for.

What could all this mean for your financial plans?

If you buy one of these stocks yielding five percent now











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5.3%		AT&T \$53/share	5.5%		Mellon National \$43 1/4/share
5.5%		CIT Financial \$40 1/4/share	5.7%		Mid Continent Telephone \$16 1/2/share
6.0%		Fruehauf \$28 1/2/share	5.7%		Otis Elevator \$35 1/2/share
5.5%		General Telephone & Electronics \$29/share	5.7%		Purex \$14 1/2/share
5.7%		Gulf State Utilities \$19 1/2/share	5.2%		United Telecommunications \$19 1/2/share

Dividend yields and stock prices as of May 30, 1973.

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trators as the lot man (who arrives first in each town to lay out the midway); the patch, who handles complaints from outsiders; and the ride superintendent, whom Truzzi and Easto describe as "a kind of grand mechanic." All of these aristocrats outrank the owners of rides, shows and concessions—second-string entrepreneurs who either sign up with the carnival owner for a season or "hopscotch" from one carnival to another. Third in prestige are strippers, freaks and other performers, with the ride operators, hawkers and laborers in fourth place at the bottom of the heap.

Whatever their rank, all carnies stick to certain norms of behavior. The prime rule, Truzzi says, is that "you don't talk to the marks." Townspeople are chased away if they try to penetrate the off-midway areas where the carnies live in trailers and socialize in a tent usually called the G-top (because it is often used for gambling). Carnie youngsters are told to play with each other rather than with outsiders, and while unmarried carnie women are no longer forbidden to go into town without a male carnie escort, they are discouraged from getting to know anyone in the towns they visit. Carnie protectiveness toward women can take some odd forms: Although male carnies permit their wives to perform as strippers, they are unwilling to let other carnie men ogle them; thus girlie shows are off limits to carnival men.

The Stick. Truzzi and his colleagues have also studied the relationship between customers and concessionaires, including dishonest ones. With the public's growing sophistication, carnivals have had to cut down on cheating. But Truzzi identifies two shady specialists who still inhabit the carnival world. One is the carnie who "works the gaff," a hidden device to keep customers from winning games touted as tests of skill. The other is the "stick," a carnie who passes himself off as a customer to lure marks into playing gaffed games.

Dembroski describes a still more colorful character, the "alibi agent," a concessionaire who specializes in usually rigged games called alibis. That name comes from the agent's ready explanation for the mark's inevitable failures. "You threw that one too high," he may say, thus persuading the mark that he can easily do better if he keeps playing. (One example of an alibi is the six-cat, in which a mark tries to knock a row of canvas cats off a shelf with a baseball—but fails because a mechanical device keeps the cats in place.)

According to Dembroski, "Show owners almost always set a limit on the amount out of which any one mark can be beat." Once that limit (perhaps \$10 or \$15) has been reached, the agent rewards the mark with a shoddy prize. That generally mollifies the mark—which confirms what was said many years ago by another behavioral expert, P.T. Barnum: "There's a sucker born every minute."

Depression Diorama

PAPER MOON

Directed by PETER BOGDANOVICH

Screenplay by ALVIN SARGENT

Peter Bogdanovich is a film maker with talent enough to make anyone regret what he does not do with it. *Targets* (1968), like most first films, was rough and not fully assimilated, but for all its crudity it had a vigor and invention that Bogdanovich has not approached since. Its long climactic scene, involving a schizophrenic sniper picking off the patrons of a drive-in theater, was made with the kind of virtuosity that promised an audacious new director. With each subsequent film, the memory of *Targets*—as well as its promise—grows dimmer.

Starting with *The Last Picture Show*, Bogdanovich has become more detached from his work, less committed and more casually manipulative. Like *Picture Show*, like last year's *What's Up, Doc?*, his latest effort, *Paper Moon*, is ruthlessly mechanical, a frivolous and cursory piece of work that never even challenges, much less engages, its director's best abilities. The film has no perceptible feeling of any kind.

It is very fussy about period detail, and goes to some length to evoke the dim days of Depression America, while just about everything else is left to slide. The music (including Orzie Nelson and his orchestra and Tommy Dorsey), the radio programs (Fibber McGee, Jack Benny) are carefully chosen, as if reality could be totally re-created out of air waves. Billboards, movie marquees, houses, cars, clothes—all are so fastidiously arranged that the movie begins to look like an elaborately decorated show window, or a diorama for a contemporary American history class. It is

also just about as moving. As a young critic, Bogdanovich paid lavish tribute to such American masters as John Ford and Howard Hawks. But the harder Bogdanovich strains after emulation, the more it eludes him. *Paper Moon* has less relation to the kind of personal expression he so admired in Ford, Hawks, Welles and Lubitsch than to the sort of glossy, empty big-studio product he used to despise.

The movie is based—rather inadequately, it would appear—on a novel by Joe David Brown called *Addie Pray*. In the hands of Bogdanovich and his scenarist, the material is gutted of charm. It becomes a sort of attenuated general-store yarn about a bunko artist named Moses Pray (Ryan O'Neal) and a nine-year-old girl, Addie (played by O'Neal's daughter Tatum), who team up to fleece the citizens of Kansas and Missouri. The relationship between the older man and the girl, who may or may not be father and daughter, is grudgingly respectful and guardedly affectionate. They start off trying to fox and swindle each other, and the girl actually runs an elaborate scheme to get Moses out of the clutches of a carny gold digger called Trixie Delight (Madeline Kahn).

It is all supposed to be very folksy and good-natured and wise. But neither Bogdanovich nor Scenarist Alvin Sargent (*Love and Pain* and the *Whole Damn Thing*) seems to understand that the tutoring Moses gives Addie is not so much sentimental education as congenial corruption. We are supposed to smile and blink back a tear when Addie decides she would rather remain with Moses, harking the suckers, than settle down to a stifling middle-class life. It is a choice between conventional suffocation and smiling criminality, which is to say it is no choice at all. Both al-

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CINEMA

ternatives are spurious, both dead ends, although Bogdanovich and Sargent are too busy plucking away at the heartstrings to pay attention to such details.

Ryan O'Neal, a stolid leading man, works up a sweat over the few bits of character that he is given to act. Despite a mustache and a rumpled pin-stripe, he still looks like the surfer king. His daughter Tatum (TIME, May 21) is peppy, coarse, funny as Addie, sort of a cyanide Shirley Temple. She is also a little too calculating, a little too coyly self-conscious about being gruff and cute. Madeline Kahn (O'Neal's hapless fiancée in *What's Up, Doc?*) makes a smashingly dippy Trixie, and Burton Gilliam is so unctuous as a desk clerk named Floyd that he looks as if he showered with a grease gun. Laszlo Kovacs shot the film in muted black and white, a little reminiscent of Gregg Toland's photography in Ford's *The Grapes of Wrath*. Comparisons end there.

■ Jay Cocks

Zinnemann's Day

THE DAY OF THE JACKAL

Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN

Screenplay by KENNETH ROSS

The Day of the Jackal makes one appreciate anew the wonderful narrative efficiency of the movies. Frederick Forsyth's bestselling novel—essentially what mystery buffs call a police procedural, but blown up to international proportions—kept losing its basically simple story line in the forest of words. The writer required paragraphs to detail the procedures of an international man hunt, not to mention the procedures of the Jackal himself, a hired gun employed by disaffected French army officers to assassinate Charles de Gaulle.

This is the kind of material that a good director can give us in the wink of a panning camera's eye. Fred Zinnemann, happily shifting down from the upper-middlebrow range of *A Man for All Seasons* and *Behold a Pale Horse*, is a good director. A onetime film editor, he is a master of the short cuts that are the shortcut to supplying lots of information effortlessly. He is also a master of camera placement, a man who can give us the essence of a scene in one elegant, yet self-effacing setup. As a result, what might have been just another expensive entertainment becomes, on a technical level, a textbook on reels in the near-forgotten subject of concise moviemaking.

It also serves Zinnemann's subject well. In his handling of such a routine matter as an official car wheeling into the driveway of a ministry, or its occupant proceeding on his way up the stairs to his appointment, he tersely demonstrates the pomposity of power and its near impotence when confronting the anarchic brilliance of the Jackal. These darting insights in turn are emphasized by the quick restlessness of the killer's movements and the move-

ments of the camera as it follows him on his devious path toward his intended victim.

Such a role requires little more of Edward Fox than looking the part, which he does. But a platoon of expert character actors, led by Michel Lonsdale as a Maigret-like master of the hounds, and including such worthies as Eric Porter, Cyril Cusack and Delphine Seyrig, give a human resonance to the film. Author Forsyth, a dealer in stereotypes, never managed that. Best of all, Zinnemann understands what the oldtime action directors knew instinctively: violence and death do not arrive in pompous slow motion but shock us with their suddenness. Yet Zinnemann's handling of violence is tasteful; it also enhances the audience's uneasiness, since it can never be certain when the Jackal will, without warning, dispatch



FOX IN "JACKAL"
Darting insights.

someone who unwittingly threatens his master plan.

It might be argued that *The Day of the Jackal* is an essentially trashy and improbable work, unworthy of Zinnemann's craft. But his careful detailing has a fascination all its own and, as it accumulates, it distracts us from our knowledge that De Gaulle died peacefully and privately years after the events alleged here. Eventually we begin to earnestly wonder if the net we see drawing ever more tightly around the Jackal will close in time or whether he will succeed in squirming through it to accomplish his mission impossible.

In short, as so often happens, a second-rate fiction has been transformed into a first-rate screen entertainment. Since it arrives at a moment when escapist fare of quality is in desperately short supply, it is doubly welcome—perhaps triply so, since it marks the return after seven years' absence of a humane, marvelously accomplished and refreshingly modest director. ■ Richard Schickel

Slim's Good Life

Women with money to lose seek him out; he looks like a cross between Hud and Nathan Detroit. Wealthy businessmen challenge him, knowing that they will lose; it is something of a distinction to be skinned by one of the world's best poker players. Last week Thomas Austin Preston Jr., 44, better known as Amarillo Slim because of his home town and his build (6 ft. 2 in., 165 lbs.), had no time for the sheep. He was in Las Vegas doing what he likes best—playing against other professionals in an event that the promoters call the World Series of poker. Because of his reputation, because he won last year's "championship," worth \$60,000, Slim was clearly the man to beat as the 13 players began the event that would clean out all but one of them. TIME Correspondent John Austin sized up Slim before the first deal. Austin's report:

He talks country and plays cut-throat, so the last contest of the Las Vegas marathon is his kind of game. Each entrant posts \$10,000 and is expected to play until one man has won everything. The game, called "hold 'em," is unfamiliar to most kitchen-table poker nuts—a variation of seven-card stud in which each player is dealt two cards face down. Five cards are then dealt face up in the center of the table as a "community pile." The winner must make the best high hand he can out of his two hole cards and three from the community pile.

Hold 'em is Amarillo Slim's best game. "It's fast," he says, "and it's a real strong bluffing game. Ah like that." But he takes neither the stakes nor the rigors of the Las Vegas competition very seriously: "It's a big game, okay,

but there are a lot bigger." Four weeks ago, he played elsewhere in Nevada. Knowing that he would be late, he took 25% of another professional's action until he could get there. Amarillo arrived 45 minutes after the first hand and found himself \$41,000 down—one-quarter of his friend's losses in that time. "The game lasted 17 hours," he says. "The big loser lost \$312,000. Ah ended up a winner, but you could have stuck my winnings in a chigger's eye and never seen 'em. It was 'bout \$19,000."

Young Hustler. It has been a long time since \$19,000 meant much at Slim's level in the demimonde of professional gambling. He has been at it for more than 30 years. He began hustling pool in Texas as an adolescent and later graduated to craps and cards in "country games." By his early teens, he was an acknowledged billiards expert.

After an honorable discharge from the Navy following World War II, Preston was recruited for a Special Services tour in Europe to entertain troops with his pool skills. "Bout the only good will Ah created was for myself," he recalls. "Ah took those G.I.s for every dime they had at cards, craps and pool." But the first night back in the States, he dropped \$71,000 at poker, probably the worst hiding he has ever suffered.

With what was left, Slim returned to Texas to build the largest bookmaking operation in the state, and with the profits he began playing high-stakes poker in earnest. How much has he played for over the years? "Jillions," he says. He claims to have played for pots containing \$80,000 to \$90,000 "oh, 'bout 8,000 times. But," he notes, "any pot with more'n \$100,000 in it is a big one. Don't let anyone tell you different."

His gambling is not limited to cards. He bets on most professional and col-

legiate sports and horse races. Last year he bet \$30,000 that he could run the rapids of Idaho's treacherous Salmon River, a hazardous but successful publicity stunt.

His weirdest wager is that he can make any cat pick up a soft-drink bottle from the floor and deposit it on a counter. The gimmick: grab the cat by the tail and pull it around the floor. In desperation, the cat will grab with its claws for anything, including a bottle. Then pick the cat up by the tail, the bottle still clasped in its claws, and put it on the counter. Locals claim that the stunt works.

How to Win. Amarillo's great strength at the poker table is his ability to stay loose and observe his opponents keenly. No matter what the stakes, he keeps up an amiable chatter with other players. "Some of these guys play the games real uptight," he says: "it's so quiet you could hear an ant pee on cotton. But Ah like to shake 'em up, put a rattlesnake in their pocket and ask 'em for a match."

He argues that there is little difference in skills among the top 15 pros. What gives him an advantage is his ability to spot "tells," minute tics or mannerisms that telegraph an opponent's hand. "Sometimes," he says, "Ah watch the vein in their neck or wrist. Some players, when they get a big hand, get those veins just a-pumpin'." With more accomplished players, tells are harder to detect.

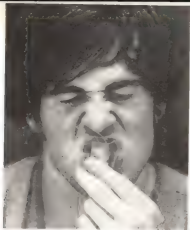
Amarillo's winnings have brought him, his wife and three children the good life. He owns a comfortable brick house in Amarillo, 25 custom-tailored Western-style suits with a pair of boots to match each one, horses, cattle and three new cars, including a 1973 Mark IV Continental with license plates reading a SLIM.

The IRS, card cheats and thieves are constant problems. But Amarillo Slim claims to have surmounted them all. He files his tax return as a professional billiard player and lists his income under sundry commissions. He knows the top cheats by sight and keeps abreast of the latest developments in their techniques and hardware. He has been robbed on occasion—recently he and his bodyguard were stripped naked by three gunmen—but usually the money is returned when the thieves realize that they have hit a man with some acquaintances in the underworld.

Amarillo is happy with his life. "Ah play because Ah like the competition, and because with good players it's a game of wits, Ah'm sparring with 'em," he says. "Ah like it, but Ah don't have to play, financially or psychologically. Ah don't want any more than what Ah have." Which is just as well. After five hours of rough hold 'em, Slim was busted by Jack "Tree Tops" Strauss, another tall Texan, in a \$9,000 pot. At week's end, Strauss and five other survivors were battling for Slim's title—and the total bank of \$130,000.



AMARILLO SLIM (LEFT) PRACTICING FOR WORLD SERIES
Watching for tics and pulsating veins.



BENNETT HAVING A SNACK

The Glass Eaters

Last fall Sophomore Jay Bennett, a fullback on Harvard's football team, read that a professional player was "so mean that he ate glass." After a few drinks at a party, Bennett set out to prove that eating glass had nothing to do with meanness. He unscrewed the bulb from a nearby lamp and ate it. The kooky stunt so pleased him and his audience that Bennett, 21, has since consumed a dozen bulbs. He has also set off the campus' most bizarre craze since Lothrop Withington Jr. swallowed a live goldfish at the Freshman Union in 1939.

A number of students are now munching light bulbs—as an after-dinner treat in the dining halls, or a light, between-meals snack in their rooms. Consuming goldfish requires a quick, guzzling technique. Light bulbs call for a bit of preparation and mastication. First the bulb eater cracks the glass into slivers and discards the filament and socket screw; there are limits even to an undergraduate's digestive prowess. Then he chews the glass one shard at a time into a fine powder and swallows it. There is said to be no taste at all. For spice, some students take a bit of salad dressing, while others use crunchy Granola. Most have no preference for brands or wattage ("I eat whatever the university uses," says one).

That is the least of Harvard administrators' worries. Dean of Students Archie C. Epps III recently called in Bennett and another glass eater and attempted to wean them away from their strange habit. After all, slivers of glass can lodge in the intestinal tract, producing inflammation or obstruction. They can also perforate the bowel. But Bennett says that he is unconcerned. "At first I was a little worried about the chemicals and stuff, but they don't seem to have had any effect on me."

Why are even a handful of students taking up so silly and risky a fad? Some undergraduates suggest jokingly that the quality of food served in university dining halls might explain the hunger for bulbs. Even Epps admits: "It's clear that something is missing from their diet." Or is the void somewhere else?



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DROP
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Skylab: The \$2.5 Billion Salvage

"Skylab 1 is the last Skylab. It's also the first Skylab. So we do not have the maturity behind the hardware that Apollo had. We fully expect that some problems will come up and bite us."

—Skylab Program Director
William Schneider at a
pre-launch briefing

SCHNEIDER'S words proved more grimly prophetic than he could have imagined. Indeed, for a few days last week, it appeared that the failure of an essential protective shield shortly after launch had touched off a chain of events that would result in disaster for the entire \$2.5 billion program. But at week's end, as the crippled Skylab continued to orbit the earth, a combination of space-age teamwork and old-fashioned Yankee ingenuity on the part of NASA raised hopes that the mission could yet be salvaged. In fact, the mishap and the bold reaction to it promised to elevate a relatively monotonous experimental flight into high adventure in space.

This week, for the first time in the history of space flight, astronauts are scheduled to be sent into orbit for the express purpose of performing a major repair on a stricken ship. If all goes according to plan, Skylab's three crew members will be launched this Friday (at 9 a.m., E.D.T.) from Cape Kennedy in the same Apollo command ship that was to have carried them up to join Skylab last week. After nearly five revolu-

tutions around the earth, Astronauts Charles ("Pete") Conrad Jr., Joseph Kerwin and Paul Weitz will rendezvous with the space laboratory, examine it and attempt two essential repairs: 1) replacing the lost section of Skylab's meteoroid and heat shield with a huge sun shade in an effort to lower the ship's scorching internal temperatures; 2) extending the vital, electricity-producing solar wing apparently jammed by the shield as it ripped away. If the astronauts succeed with these improbable assignments performed outside their craft some 270 miles above the earth, they could then set up housekeeping inside the space lab and complete their original 28-day mission. There is even a good chance that two other teams of astronauts, each slated to spend 56 days in orbit later this year, might be able to live and work aboard Skylab.

The high hopes for saving Skylab contrasted sharply with the earlier gloom that settled over the space community. Barely a minute after Skylab's launch atop a surplus Saturn 5 moon rocket, tiny sensors on the arms of the shield alerted flight controllers to serious problems. Apparently unable to withstand the intense vibrations after lift-off, some and possibly all of the thin shielding around Skylab's Orbital Workshop section suddenly ripped free. As it tore away, it apparently caused one of the twin solar wings on the Orbital Workshop to extend prematurely.

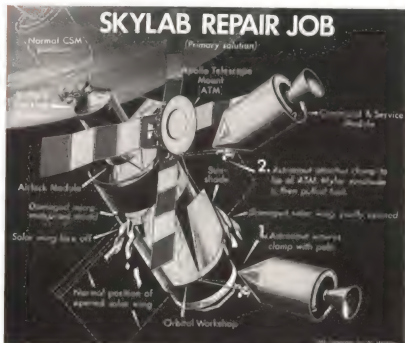
NASA believes the extended wing was then sheared away by the high G-forces on the accelerating rocket. Perhaps because they were not quite sure of the telemetry, NASA spokesmen gave no public hint of any problems. Everything was looking "super good," reported Flight Director Don Puddy.

By the time Skylab reached orbit, NASA controllers were sure that it was in trouble. As the 85-ton spacecraft began circling the earth, it jettisoned its protective shroud, moved its telescope mount into place and unfolded the four windmill-like solar wings that sit above it. But indications were that the remaining solar wing on the Orbital Workshop could not swing out more than a few degrees from the ship and was thus not able to unfold its light-gathering panels. That was bad news indeed. It meant that Skylab was deprived of more than half its electrical power. Even if the astronauts were sent up to Skylab, the serious energy crisis in space would force them to curtail many key experiments, including some of the critical medical tests of bodily functions in conditions of prolonged weightlessness.

Fierce Heat. The worst was still to come. Without the shield, temperatures inside the Orbital Workshop—site of the crew quarters—soared dramatically, climbing to 130° F. and higher. The fierce heat endangered the foodstores, especially the new gravy-rich dishes of which NASA is so proud. It may well have fogged sensitive film and ruined medical supplies. There was also danger that the extreme heat would begin to decompose the Styrofoam insulation in the spacecraft's walls, producing potentially lethal gases inside the workshop. Finally, as the temperature of the unprotected aluminum "bald spot" on Skylab's exterior rose to 325°, engineers feared that the skin itself might buckle or even rupture.

As the extent of the damage became clear, there were angry recriminations within NASA. Officials feared that the monumental goof would goad Congress into cutting off funds for manned space flight. TIME Correspondent John Wilhelm subsequently learned that the troublesome shield was new and untried, and had repeatedly caused problems during its development. Parts had failed at least four different tests. The shield was apparently plagued by an extreme flutter when subjected to the stresses of launch. Though aware of the shield's shortcomings, NASA decided to use it anyway, mainly to save a few million dollars in additional development costs. Admits Christopher Kraft Jr., director of Houston's Johnson Space Center: "We had a great battle whether we should put that thing on there or not. It was a judgment factor."

While NASA engineers and flight controllers struggled desperately to save the mission, conditions aboard Skylab deteriorated and the launch of the three astronauts was delayed. First priority was given to finding a way to cool off



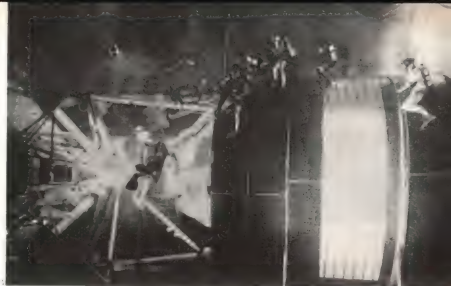
the Orbital Workshop (other sections of the spacecraft remained at a normal 65° or 70°). Maneuvering the spacecraft with its thrusters, flight controllers in Houston turned the exposed area away from the sun. But by doing that they also changed the angle of the four working solar wings, which reduced their exposure to sunlight and dangerously lowered the production of electrical power. After two days of experimentation, mission controllers found a compromise position for Skylab. When it was tilted so that its solar panels were at an angle of 55° to the direction of the sun's rays, adequate power was produced and the temperature in the Orbital Workshop stabilized close to a tolerable 105°.

At the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Ala., and in Houston and Cape Kennedy, scientists and engineers held round-the-clock meetings and nation-spanning conference calls to discuss possible repair techniques. One proposal was to have an astronaut poke a giant umbrella-like device out of a hatch and open it above the bald spot. Others suggested inflating a balloon to shade the craft, or spray painting the affected area. Eventually, NASA seemed to be settling on a different solution: the astronauts would try to shield Skylab with a tissue-thin, aluminized sail-like sheet of Mylar, a plastic film.

To put that plan into operation, the astronauts will maneuver their Apollo command ship within a few feet of the crippled space lab, circle it to inspect the damage, and transmit TV pictures down to earth. Then, after a respite, the astronauts will don their pressure suits and Kerwin will emerge part way from the command-module hatch. Using a pole with cutting shears at its far end (hastily being designed and built at Huntsville), he will try to trim away any debris around the roof of the ripped-off solar wing or elsewhere. He will also attempt to swing out the intact wing.

Two Tries. Attaching the sunshade will be even more difficult. In the first option open to the astronauts, Conrad (who practiced the delicate maneuver on simulators in Houston) will edge the command ship alongside Skylab (see diagram). As he does this, Kerwin or Weitz will lean out of the hatch and attach three newly designed clamps to the ship—two near Skylab's base, one on the telescope mount. The clamps will be used to anchor lines running to the trapezoid-shaped covering. As the lines are tightened, the shade will be pulled into its proper position like the spinaker on a sailboat (the analogy especially pleases Conrad, who recently acquired a 34-ft. sloop). If this fails, the crew will try again after they have boarded Skylab. One possibility: two of the astronauts will crawl out of a hatch in the space laboratory's airlock module and try to position another Mylar covering over the damaged section with a long extension rod.

The tricky orbital repairs will not be without danger. But NASA techni-



TECHNICIANS TESTING PROCEDURE FOR ATTACHING SUNSHADE IN HUNTSVILLE'S WATER TANK. A combination of space-age teamwork and Yankee ingenuity.

cians and engineers have worked overtime to prepare all the special tools, gears and awnings that will be needed. The Skylab astronauts have flown to Huntsville, where they have run repeated trials of the repair procedures in the simulated zero-G conditions of NASA's water test tank. Indeed, the intense feeling among NASA's rank and file reminded Astronaut John Swigert Jr. of the remarkable effort that enabled him and his Apollo 13 crew mates to bring their crippled spacecraft safely back to earth after an explosion. Said Swigert: "I think this incident will show that when the chips are down, we can turn a potential failure into a success. We've done it before. If this had been an unmanned project, it would be lost for sure. This is going to show again what man can do out there to save the mission."

Soviet Setbacks

The U.S. is not alone in its space troubles. Two weeks ago, the Russians orbited an unmanned spacecraft that they identified only as Cosmos 557. Last week U.S. intelligence sources reported that the mysterious Cosmos was in fact an unmanned Soyuz spacecraft that appears to have been launched as the intended docking target for a second manned Soyuz. The two ships, in effect, would have formed a mini-space station in earth orbit. But a failure apparently occurred aboard Cosmos, and the scheduled manned launch had to be scrubbed. Thus the Russians appear to have suffered a second major setback in space only weeks after their Salyut space station was crippled in orbit.

Launched last month in an effort to beat the larger Skylab into orbit, Salyut 2 was to have marked the resumption of the manned Soviet space effort after an interruption of nearly two years, in time for the big Communist May Day celebrations. It was in June 1971 that three cosmonauts perished when the hatch of their Soyuz space-

craft failed while they were returning from a highly successful 24-day mission aboard Salyut 1. Since then, the Russians have thoroughly redesigned Soyuz and were expected to use it to ferry men to the new orbital workshop. Yet after last month's launch of Salyut 2 into orbit, days and eventually weeks slipped by without a manned launch. Finally, the Russians made a cryptic announcement that Salyut's mission had been completed.

Floating Debris. That, it seems, was a gross understatement. According to Western radar trackers, Salyut began spinning wildly out of control. Pieces were torn off the 24-ton ship—including the large winglike solar panels that, like Skylab's, were vital to its electrical supply. Eventually, as many as two dozen pieces of debris were spotted floating near the disabled craft.

The cause of the mishap is still in doubt. One U.S. theory was that the third stage of Salyut's large booster may have exploded after rocketing the spaceship into orbit, possibly because of an excess of unburned fuel. Drifting only a short distance away, the booster may have sent fragments ripping into Salyut, thereby badly damaging the gyroscopic controls and thrusters that help maintain the ship's stability. Another possible explanation was that one of the Soviet Union's oceangoing tracking ships inadvertently fired one of Salyut's thrusters, sending it into an uncontrollable spin—30 revolutions per minute, according to last count by U.S. trackers. That, too, could have caused the ship to break up in orbit.

Salyut was not the only source of problems for Russian rocketeers. Four weeks ago a giant Proton booster—the largest Soviet rocket—apparently failed during lift-off, sending its payload crashing into the Pacific off eastern Siberia. U.S. space observers believe that the cargo, destined for the moon, included an improved version of the highly successful Soviet lunar rover.



UNSPOILED ELK LAKE IN ADIRONDACK PARK



AND A STRIP DEVELOPMENT AT LAKE GEORGE VILLAGE, N.Y.

ENVIRONMENT

Saving the Land

Serious as it has become, the problem of air and water pollution is not beyond solution. Technology and hard work can still correct man's careless mistakes. But the damage that is done when unspoiled land is paved over or poorly developed may well be irreversible. That message is finally being heeded by state legislatures across the U.S. Last year, for example, Colorado acted to prevent overbuilding on its slopes, and California declared a moratorium on all development within 1,000 ft. of its entire Pacific coastline. Now two more states have just taken bold steps to save their land.

In New York last week the legislature overwhelmingly passed a bill to control land use on 3,700,000 acres of magnificent Adirondack valleys, lakes and mountains. Together with 2,300,000 acres already owned and protected by the state, the entire parcel forms what is in effect the biggest park in the U.S.—twice the size of Yellowstone and slightly larger than Delaware and New Jersey combined.

The park scheme dates back to 1968, when Governor Nelson Rockefeller ordered a land-use study of the area. The study established that state-owned parcels were scattered in a crazy-quilt pattern among thousands of individual private property holdings. It turned out that about 80 of the 89 towns in the region lacked zoning rules and thus had no defense against helter-skelter development.

To stave off potential chaos, the state legislature created the Adirondack Park Agency, which last year prepared a preliminary land-use plan. All the private lands in the park area were classified under six categories, and density limits for development were fixed for four of them; in general, future growth will be allowed mainly around existing towns. These designations were based on a detailed inventory of such environmental factors as soil, slopes, water resources, wildlife and the potential for

sewage disposal. The plan transcended simple zoning; it was in fact the most ambitious attempt ever to make development compatible with nature.

Few of the region's 123,000 year-round residents were impressed. With a per capita income that ranges from \$500 to \$1,500 less than the state average, and an unemployment rate that can reach 25% in the winter, they felt that what the region needed most was the broadened economic base (new jobs, new tax revenues and higher land prices) that rapid development promises. At public hearings in January, the residents expressed their opposition. "You are going to preserve the Adirondacks' extreme poverty," charged David Fox, a property holder in Warren County. Added James Dudley, a landowner in Fort Kent: "The agency is an autocracy; it is not the American way."

Lately, tempers have been soothed as residents have become used to the park idea. "The plan is more restrictive than it needs to be," says Lake Placid Realtor John Wilkins. "But basically it is a good plan." Because of it, the largest remaining area of scenic wilderness east of the Mississippi has now been sensibly preserved and protected.

Vicious Cycle. Just across New York's Northeastern border, Vermont has learned the hard way that large subdivisions are scarcely an unmixed blessing. Indeed they can touch off a vicious cycle of poor land use. It usually begins with the yearning of city dwellers for a second home in unspoiled surroundings. When developers move in to meet the demand, land prices rise. In the past five years, for instance, the average value of a Vermont acre has jumped from \$200 to \$500; the price of land near many ski or lake resorts has quadrupled to \$2,000 an acre. Property taxes have soared to pay for expanded public services. As a result, many Vermonters with low incomes have found that they can no longer afford to stay on their own land.

When he took office last January, Governor Thomas P. Salmon pledged to change all that. "Let us tell the develop-

ers and let us tell the rest of the country right here and now that Vermont is not for sale," he said. In response, the state legislature last month passed two new laws to control land development and speculation. One, which is unprecedented, links real estate taxes—previously determined by the assessed value of land—directly to landowners' incomes. The amount of such tax varies from no more than 4% of annual income (for families earning less than \$4,000 a year) to 6% (for families who make more than \$16,000 a year). The measure will give tax relief to about one-third of Vermont's 155,000 households this year, enabling poor and elderly Vermonters to remain on their land even when the selling price of surrounding acreage skyrockets.

In total, the property-tax reform will cut state income by about \$10.8 million. But most of the deficit will be made up from federal revenue-sharing funds. The remainder should come from revenues brought in by a new capital gains tax on land sales. With this tax, Vermont hopes virtually to eliminate speculators who buy land only to sell it quickly at a big markup. The highest capital gains tax is a whopping 60%, to be paid by speculators who make more than 200% profit on land held less than a year. Lower capital gains rates vary with the amount of profit and the length of ownership. People who sell their land after six years, for example, will pay no capital gains tax at all.

Another new Vermont law requires developers to meet a long list of environmental requirements before they can turn their first shovel of dirt. For example, a subdivider who wants to build on a floodplain must now prove that his development will not imperil the health, safety and welfare of the public during a flood.

Developers are aghast. Their most frequent complaint is that the state government should not become so much involved in any individual's private business. But Vermont intends to go even farther: next year its legislators will consider an Adirondack-style plan to order and shape future development, and thus save the state's greatest resource: unspoiled land.

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Still Life

GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY

by HEINRICH BÖLL

Translated by ILEA VENNEWITZ
405 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$7.95.

When Heinrich Böll won the Nobel Prize for Literature last year, there was a general and aggressive nodding of heads. "Couldn't have happened to a more deserving or decent fellow," the noddors agreed. Böll is prolific. He is a senior member of Group 47, the informal association of such writers as Günter Grass and Uwe Johnson, who took it upon themselves in 1947 to articulate the conscience of postwar Germany. Unlike Grass, whose fancy fixes persistently on violence and pain, Böll's characteristic manner is gently satirical. As a Catholic humanist, writing from the stable center of literary modernism, he is concerned with the less obvious spiritual casualties of war—people whose sins and virtues are accumulations of undramatic acts and seemingly inconsequential decisions.

So it is with Leni, the central figure in Böll's newest novel. She has survived the war, but not without cost. Her husband and brother were killed. Her father's war-profits fortune has been lost. At middle age, Leni remains a sensual and generous woman, but she no longer understands the world. In fact, Böll suggests, it is doubtful if she ever did.

During the war, Leni was cheerful and passively innocent, never bothering to distinguish between Jews and non-Jews. Now she has trouble fathoming why people are angry at her. Leni's lack of understanding is revealed to the reader at third hand by a character called Au., an abbreviation for Böll's imagi-

nary "Author." He is a griggish, humorless drudge who is determined to assemble the life of his living subject through interviews with people who knew her. His last interview is with Leni herself, but by then her story has been told. Why Au. has been compelled to tell it is a riddle that remains after the novel ends.

Junk. Perhaps it has something to do with an obsession of Leni's that prefigures Au's method. As a girl in a convent school, Leni learned to worship the orderly function of her organs, and the instruction had the force of an epiphany. Later she undertook her life's work: reproducing, with a child's paintbox and brush, "a cross section of one layer" of a nun's retina—6,000,000 cones and 100 million tiny rods. Au does the same for Leni's life.

Plainly, Au. is a fool. He jabbers incessantly about the tea served at his interviews; his temperature is raised by the sight of nuns; he press-gangs the reader into exhausting patrols in search of useless facts. Basically, he is a garbage collector who has found "an occupation that serves the purposes of cleanliness but is regarded as dirty."

The question is, why is Böll troubling to pick through Au's junk? If for satire, what is the precise target? That he would select so untheatrical a character as Leni to explore is consistent with the novelist's decisions in past fiction. Her passive character is consonant with the gentle and grandly rebellious natures of such literary antiheroes as Albert Camus's Mersault, who remains stubbornly outside the reach of his society. But where Camus creates a shattering mystery about alienation, Böll does not. What Leni is really like, and why Au. cares, are never transformed into powerful and disturbing questions.

Böll hints at his own intention in a voice that sounds more like him than that of the banal Au.: "What kind of world is this? What has happened to justice? Well, our intention is merely to indicate that many questions remain unanswered." It's a decent enough intention for a humanist to indulge, but it will not provoke life in a stillborn fiction.

—Geoffrey Wall

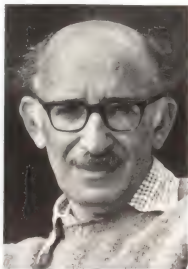
Ending the Pane

REMBRANDT'S HAT

by BERNARD MALAMUD

204 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$6.95.

Never mind the current vogue for short-story writers who prove by incoherence that the world is crazy (a child's discovery). Never mind the other sort of story writer who leaves you after seven pages with a little stone of irony to hold in your cupped hands. Bernard Malamud writes to understand, and what he writes about and understands



BERNARD MALAMUD
Shouting at God.

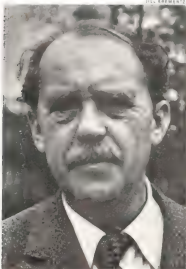
is suffering, which is to say the human condition.

His stories seem less fierce than his novels. There is nothing in the current collection, for instance, quite so passionate in its lamentation as his novel *The Fixer* (1966). Still, four or five of the eight stories in *Rembrandt's Hat* are outstanding for the clarity and intensity with which the characters feel the predicament of being human.

This intensity has nothing to do with "sensitivity," a small virtue sometimes thought praiseworthy in small fiction. Malamud's people seem to be engaged in a constant shouted argument with God, and even when the shouts are inaudible, the reader hears muttered the maddening central question, "Why me?" The answer rolls in like thunder—"Never mind why: You!"

This is primal stuff, and Malamud's great talent is for melding it with the most mundane sort of everyday life: turn a corner, God jostles you in the sidewalk, and the argument starts. Here is Harvitz, for instance, a freelance writer from the U.S., wandering through Moscow on a vacation visit. Of all the taxis in town, he has to hail one driven by Levitsky, a writer who cannot get his stories published by the Soviets. Levitsky strikes up a conversation, and with the horrible directness of the desperate, implores Harvitz to smuggle a short-story collection to the West and have it published.

Harvitz is scared; tourists get into bad trouble this way. He is also furious; why me? He reads four of the stories, which have been translated by the cab driver's wife, and thinks they are fairly good. But is it right that he should be asked to risk his freedom merely to add some fairly good stories to the hundreds published each year? Is Harvitz responsible for Levitsky's? For the Soviet repression? The answer, of course, is "Yes, and never mind why." But Har-



HEINRICH BÖLL

What happened to justice?

BOOKS

vitz does not want to hear it. He writhes. Levitansky presses.

As Harvitz makes and unmakes his decision, Malamud gives us a fragment of one of Levitansky's stories, which happens to be about a Soviet writer who cannot get his work published: "He took out the stories, and after reading through one, burned it, page by page, in the kitchen sink. His nine-year-old son, returning from school, said 'Popa, what are you burning in the sink? That's no place for a fire.' 'I am burning my integrity,' said the writer. Then he said, 'My talent. My heritage.'"

Fable. To suggest the nature of one story is to suggest very little, because although the elemental questions are repeated, no story of Malamud's really resembles another. A light and rather unsettling few pages tell of a man who is flirted with at a dinner party by his pretty, mad hostess. A stark recitation by a loving father shows a hideous division between father and son. Finally, there is a wonderful, funny fable in which the author mocks his own truth that suffering defines the man.

The hero of the fable is Abramovitz, a talking horse, who is convinced that there is a man inside him. Abramovitz's keeper, a surly mute named Goldberg, tells the horse (by tapping on his forehead in Morse code) not to ask questions, that being a talking horse is not so bad. But Abramovitz is anguished. He sneaks despairing jokes into his circus act (How do you end the pane? By jumping through the window), and asks his audiences if there is a doctor or magician present who will help free the man inside him.

The ending is happy: Goldberg and Abramovitz wrestle. Abramovitz's horse head is wrenched away, and there underneath is the head and trunk of a 40-year-old man wearing a pince-nez. He gallops off into a nearby wood, free now, a Jewish centaur.

■ John Skow

Maternal Triangle

FOREVER PAINTING

by PETER DE VRIES

274 pages. Little, Brown. \$7.95.

"Domesticity," Peter De Vries has said, "is an instinct—just like sex." So it is not surprising that most of his comic novels have been—in one way or another—about post-dishwashing *tristesse*. It is that pleasantly sad feeling that follows doing the right thing.

Stewart Smackenfelt seems incapable of doing anything else. He is, in fact, the most considerate character in all of De Vries' 17 novels. An intermittently employed actor, Smackenfelt begins his good works by servicing his id—his bestial Freudian self, whom he calls Blodgett. It lusts after Ginger Truempenny, who is not exactly Smackenfelt's mother-in-law, but close enough. She is the aunt who raised his orphaned wife Dolly, who spends most of her time writing plays. By such tasteful amendments

does De Vries remove the curse of incest without seriously weakening the underpinning of his situation.

Ginger is no old bag. She maintains her excellent figure with exercise and ensures a degree of mental stimulation with such ticklish malapropisms as "He's quite a piston," "defoliating" virgins, and (referring to bisexuals) "AM-FM." When Dolly divorces Smackenfelt for Zap Spontini, an advertising man and lousy Sunday painter, Blodgett is rewarded. Smackenfelt marries his aunt-in-law and settles down to an excellent relationship, sexually and otherwise. Ginger pays the bills, leaving the unemployed actor time to sharpen his theatrical skills.

With Blodgett domesticated, Smackenfelt seems to develop an unnatural desire to be helpful. Dressed as



PETER DE VRIES

Domesticating Blodgett.

a priest for a part in a play, he wanders into an automat between shows and starts dispensing spiritual advice to a woman at his table. During a brief job at a large corporation, he impersonates a vice president and summarily fires those who seem unhappy in their work. He is finally caught and dismissed for "malversation of coffee break."

De Vries is not dealing with what is loosely called an identity crisis. As a professional actor, Smackenfelt knows how to get totally immersed in his roles. He is intelligent and sharply aware of how religious ideas about good and evil have become psychoanalytic attempts to treat the troubled soul as if it were a badly adjusted carburetor. He also remains deeply attached to his ex-wife Dolly. When she runs into difficulties with her play about Sir Walter Raleigh, Smackenfelt enriches her script with research and a model characterization of Raleigh that almost leaves the actor with a permanent Devonshire accent.

But his most chivalrous act is to spare the feelings of Zap Spontini, who has painted an abstract mural on



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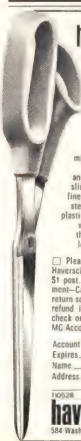
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BOOKS

Smackenfelt's wall. Seeing Zap's raw splottches through a window, the police spread the word that the house has been vandalized. Rather than have Zap hurt by the truth, Smackenfelt wrecks his own house.

As usual, De Vries' comedy depends on pushing ridiculous situations to sublime limits. On the surface, *Forever Panting* is an inversion of old mother-in-law jokes. At a richer level, the book is a graceful joke on the myth that our natures are totally controlled by the hairy, grunting id. As a liberated Calvinist, though an unreconstructed Christian gentleman, De Vries illustrates through Stewart Smackenfelt that swinging, second-generation Freudians may have suffered a more entertaining fate. It is entirely possible that their Blodgetts will be cuckolded by their better-natured superegos. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Cops and Jobbers

LAW AND ORDER

by DOROTHY UHNNAK

512 pages. Simon & Schuster, \$8.95.

THE SUPER COPS

by L.H. WHITTEMORE

359 pages. Stein & Day, \$7.95.

SERPICO

by PETER MAAS

314 pages. Viking, \$7.95.

The era of the pig has ended. It is the year of the cop. On TV, at the movies and especially in books, the men in blue are being returned to their once traditional position—just above firemen and below returning war heroes.

There are nearly as many copies of cop books coming off the presses now as there once were junior G-man badges. The first two of the year, *Law and Order* and *The Super Cops*, have already muscled onto the bestseller lists. *Serpico*, the latest entry, will probably do as well. There are more to come, including a new book in September by Joseph Wambaugh, the Los Angeles police sergeant who started the current cop craze with his novels *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight*. Like all good young trends, the police book has moved east from the West Coast. All three of the newest books involve the New York City police department.

Dorothy Uhnak's *Law and Order* is a novel that uses three generations of Irish cops to explore the way the department actually works. The plot is a tangle of corruption, sex scandals, blackmail and professional and family loyalties. *The Super Cops* are Dave Greenberg and Bob Hantz, two real police heroes who patrolled a black Brooklyn ghetto with such derring-do that drug pushers and grateful residents dubbed them Batman and Robin. Also nonfiction, *Serpico* is about Frank Serpico, the patrolman whose charges of widespread corruption in the New York police department were eventually doc-

umented by the Knapp Commission.

The books are basically alike, particularly in their insistence that they portray the way things really are. In truth, they are more of a badge cage. Michael Korda, Simon & Schuster's editor in chief, has said of the new cop books, "The prime element is that they suggest a simpler world." Exactly so. To keep it that way, the authors rigorously suppress untidy complexity. Mrs. Uhnak's novel ends in a hasty melodramatic knitting of loose strands. Maas' reportage resolutely refuses to go beyond Serpico's own viewpoint. Whittemore is worst of all, portraying his heroes without a fleck of imperfection. They burst into pushers' apartments but somehow never violate any constitutional rights. They slay two big-time drug suppliers, but the regrettable bloodletting really happens because other cops fail to back them up properly. They manage to get convictions on more than 90% of the 600 suspects they arrest, with no explanation of why the judicial system functions so well for them.

The lack of ambiguities in these books renders all the central characters as inhabitants of adult comic strips. Although they write exciting narratives, the authors do not really seem to care as much about cops as they do about the marketplace. As for the police, they surely deserve reclamation from the '60s' images of them as hired goons of the Establishment. Unfortunately, the new cop books popularize the equally simple-minded view that all would be well if only bureaucrats and legal purists would leave the police alone. ■ José M. Ferrer III

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Once Is Not Enough, Susann (1 last week)
- 2—Evening in Byzantium, Shaw (2)
- 3—The Mallock Paper, Ludlum (3)
- 4—Breakfast of Champions, Vonnegut
- 5—Sleeping Beauty, Macdonald
- 6—The Odessa File, Forsyth (7)
- 7—Law and Order, Uhnak (10)
- 8—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (5)
- 9—The Taking of Pelham One Two Three, Gudy (6)
- 10—Green Darkness, Selon (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (1)
- 2—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (2)
- 3—Laughing All the Way, Hawar (3)
- 4—The Implosion Conspiracy, Nizer (4)
- 5—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (6)
- 6—The Life & Death of Adolf Hitler, Payne (5)
- 7—Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead, Lindbergh (10)
- 8—How I Found Freedom in an Unfree World, Browne
- 9—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (7)
- 10—Journey to Ixtlan, Costaneda

MEDICINE

Capsules

► Decubitus ulcers, or bedsores, have for centuries plagued patients and stubbornly resisted the efforts of doctors to cure them. But it appears that the sores, which result from the continuous pressure of the body against the bed, are succumbing to new versions of an almost forgotten medical approach: sweetness. Dr. James Barnes Jr., of the Glenn Dale Hospital in Glenn Dale, Md., reports in the *A.M.A. Journal* that a high concentration of common granulated sugar, applied daily to bedsores under a special airtight bandage, clears them up. Dr. Robert Blomfield of Chelsea, England, reports similar results when he uses honey. Neither doctor is sure why his treatment works, though Barnes believes that sugar may boost the inflammatory reaction essential to the healing process. Barnes found that sugar produced a 78% cure rate when applied to the bedsores of 180 patients treated during a five-year period. Blomfield says that it works better than any other medication he has used.

► Stuck off by itself in the desert between Tucson and the Mexican border, legendary and tiny (pop. 1,200) Tombstone, Ariz., has so little to attract a doctor that its people have been without local medical care for much of the past eight years. But now the community where Wyatt Earp shot it out with desperadoes is doctorless no longer. An osteopath named Patrick Lorey, 36, has decided to live in the town for at least seven years. Lorey's decision was not completely voluntary. Convicted last fall of selling amphetamines, Lorey could have been sent to prison. But a

state superior court judge, noting that Lorey had moved to Tombstone seven weeks before his sentence was set, decided to free him on probation—if he remained in town for the duration of his seven-year sentence. Lorey, who would like to practice in a large hospital, is adjusting to his virtual exile. Some citizens of the once brawling town at first expressed concern about having a doctor with a record of drug problems, but now the townspeople are calling him Doctor Pat.

► Tay-Sachs disease, a genetic ailment that occurs almost exclusively among Jews of Eastern European extraction, is a lethal legacy that produces profound mental deterioration by age two, death by age four. Until now, it has been possible to identify—and warn—parents who run the risk of producing a Tay-Sachs child only by means of blood tests. But a Chicago ophthalmologist has an easier way. Dr. Edward Cotlier has found that the enzyme hexosaminidase A, which is absent in Tay-Sachs victims, can be measured in human tears. Cotlier has detected normal levels of the enzyme in the tears of 50 healthy volunteers, low levels in 14 parents who carried the defective genes, and none in four children with the disease. His finding holds out hope for early identification of couples who could have Tay-Sachs children. Instead of taking blood tests, they could collect tears on treated paper that would be mailed to laboratories for analysis.

Starving the Tumor

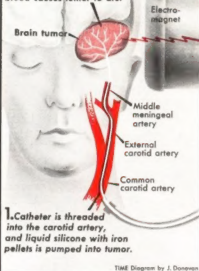
Technical progress in areas apparently unrelated to medicine can sometimes lead to spectacular medical progress. Dr. Robert Rand, a neurosurgeon at the University of California at Los Angeles, has demonstrated a particular knack for encouraging just that sort of scientific serendipity. A decade ago he borrowed from the emerging technology of cryogenics (application of temperatures close to absolute zero*) and helped to adapt an extremely cold probe to destroy hard-to-reach pituitary tissue in brain operations. Now Rand is making use of another recently utilized phenomenon: superconductivity. With the help of a powerful "superconductive" magnet, he is accomplishing knifeless, bloodless destruction of tumors.

Rand had previously employed magnetism in the operating room. In 1966, he injected microscopic iron spheres into blood vessels of patients who had suffered aneurysms, or "blow-outs" in blood vessels in the brain. He used the magnet to hold the filings in place at the site of the rupture until new tissue grew over them to close the hole.

*Absolute zero, the theoretical temperature at which molecular motion in all gases ceases, is -459.67°F .

BLOODLESS SURGERY

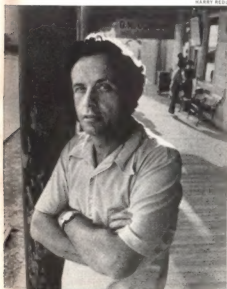
2. Magnet confines silicone to tumor until it hardens. Lack of blood causes tumor to die.



Rand's plan for destroying tumors required an even more powerful magnetic field. To get it, he used an electromagnet cooled by liquid helium to near absolute zero. That produced superconductivity: the virtual disappearance of electrical resistance in the magnet. This allowed a greatly increased flow of current and boosted the strength of the magnet to 3 1/2 times that of the best alternate magnet available.

Iron Pellets. Rand then capitalized on the fact that tumors cut off from their blood supply die because they are unable to obtain nourishment or pass off wastes. To starve a tumor in one of his patients, Rand injected liquid silicone containing microscopic iron spheres into a blood vessel near the tumor. He waited until the material was carried through capillaries and into the tumor itself, then switched on his strategically placed magnet, which attracted the iron pellets and fixed them in the tumor. The spheres confined the viscous, quick-setting silicone, preventing it from entering the main bloodstream, where it could cause obstructions. The solidified silicone will remain in the patient for the rest of his life. But the tumor, its blood vessels blocked, has already begun to wither and die.

Rand, who has used his new technique on only five patients so far, stresses that it is applicable only to tumors fed by a capillary system that is easy to isolate. Given that qualification, the procedure seems to be effective. A 70-year-old woman, unwilling to submit to conventional surgery for a brain tumor, underwent magnetic surgery in March. Rand cannot find the tumor with X rays any longer, and although he will not say that the growth has disappeared, there



DR. LOREY IN TOMBSTONE
Adjusting to exile.

Involvement in the community. Involvement in a top professional association. That's what helps a life underwriter help you plan for your family's financial security. Knowing local conditions, local needs, a life insurance agent can better understand your needs and objectives. Upgrading knowledge, upgrading skills through meetings, seminars, reading, studying, he further develops his competence to serve your best interests. Affiliated local members of NALU... **The National Association of Life Underwriters** ...are dedicated to responsible community and professional involvement.

involvement



MEDICINE

is good reason to believe that it has at least shrunk. The patient's eye, which had been forced part way out of its socket by the expanding tumor, has returned to its proper place.

Endorsing Infanticide?

Doctors predict that in a matter of years they will be able to remove an egg cell from a woman, fertilize and grow it as an embryo in a test tube, and then implant it in the mother or even in the uterus of a volunteer, where it will continue to develop until delivery. But doctors have yet to come up with an answer to a moral question that this awesome ability will raise: What should be done with the mistakes, the children born deformed or defective as a result of science's attempts to manipulate life?

Last week a scientist whose work has helped to make engineering—and even creation—of life a possibility tackled this dilemma head on. Dr. James Watson, co-discoverer of the double helix, the master molecule DNA, urged that doctors attending the birth of laboratory-conceived human babies be given the right to terminate the lives of the infants if they are grossly abnormal.

Watson's statement, made in an interview in the A.M.A.'s new socioeconomic magazine *Prism*, is no casual endorsement of infanticide. Watson believes that doctors have not fully considered the potentially disastrous consequences of their interference in natural processes.

Despite the fact that many normally conceived babies are born defective, he says, the chances of error are even greater in a baby produced by artificial means. Thus the laboratory-conceived baby ought to be considered in a different light.

Legal Status. Recognizing the difficulty of special legislation for these babies, Watson proposes a redefinition of the legal status of all newborn infants. He points out that although some abnormalities can be detected before a baby is born, most defects are not discovered until after birth. Thus "if a child were not declared alive until three days after birth, then all parents could be allowed the choice that only a few are given under the present system," says Watson. "The doctor could allow the child to die if the parents so chose and save a lot of misery and suffering."

Watson's suggestion is bound to shock his colleagues and bring an outcry from the nonscientific community. That may be exactly what Watson wants. He believes that test-tube conception experiments now under way in England could open the door to widespread genetic engineering and, ultimately, to cloning, or the creation of multiple genetic copies of an individual. Watson, who does not look forward to such prospects, believes that an informed public would share his apprehension about these experiments and might take steps to stop them.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Kyle Rote, 45, former star running back and team captain of the New York football Giants, now calling the plays as a New York sports broadcaster; and Sharon Kay Ritchie, 36, infrequent stage actress and Miss America of 1956; after seven years of marriage (one of separation), no children; in Manhattan.

Died. General Alan Shapley, U.S.M.C., 70, who survived the sinking of the U.S.S. *Arizona* at Pearl Harbor to become the ranking Marine Corps officer in the Pacific; of a lung tumor; in Bethesda, Md. Shapley was commander of the *Arizona's* 87-Marine detachment in December 1941 and one of the ship's nine Marine survivors. Awarded the Navy Silver Star for his gallantry during the Pearl Harbor attack, he served through much of the subsequent fighting in the Pacific and later in Korea, and in 1961 was named commanding general of the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific.

Died. Eugene Rabinowitch, 72, Russian-born biophysicist who, as a senior member of the Manhattan Project during World War II, helped develop the first atomic bomb, then spent the next 27 years as editor of the authoritative *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and a leading proponent of nuclear arms control; after suffering a stroke; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Frances Marion, 86, newspaper correspondent who became one of Hollywood's highest-paid screenwriters of the '20s and '30s; in Los Angeles. Marion joined the fledgling film industry shortly after World War I, quickly graduated from \$15-a-week secretary to \$17,000-a-week scenarist. She scripted Greta Garbo's first talkie (*Anna Christie*). Clark Gable's first romantic film (*The Secret Six*), and in 1930 and '31 won successive Oscars for two Wallace Beery movies (*The Big House*, *The Champ*). Just last fall Marion published her sentimental memoirs of Hollywood, *Off With Their Heads*.

Died. Jeannette Rankin, 92, first woman ever elected to Congress; after a long illness; in Carmel, Calif. An outspoken suffragette and determined pacifist, Rankin was first sent to Congress by Montana voters in 1917, and was one of 50 Representatives who voted against declaring war on Germany. Returning for a second term in 1941, she again stunned her constituents by casting Congress' only vote against war with Japan. Though angry Montanans denied her another term, Rankin remained an active pacifist, and in 1968 led 5,000 women members of the Jeannette Rankin Brigade to Washington to protest the Viet Nam War.

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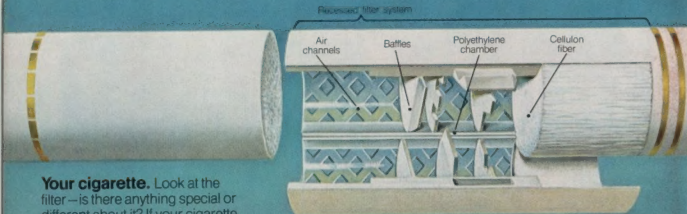


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